THE LIVING AGE

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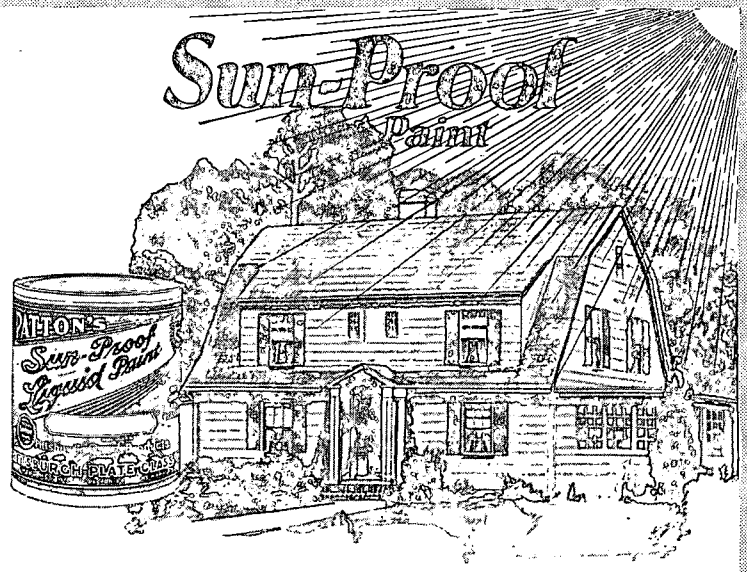

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Who will be in control?

THE forces behind the scenes at the great conventions were not always apparent to those who sat before the rostrum. But readers of THE INDEPENDENT were kept informed of the inside stories of these political conflicts by trained observers, keen students of political campaigning.

During the next five months these same writers will continue to analyze in THE INDEPENDENT the moves of the leaders and the popular reactions in what promises to be the greatest political battle the country has ever witnessed.

"'Put only regulars on guard' was the slogan of the Cleveland convention from its very outset. The Wisconsin delegation of La Follette irreconcilables was throughout the target alike of castigations from the stage and hisses from the pit. The convention in the final showdown, made no bones of its conservatism. It refused to tolerate schism for the sake of gaining votes in the pivotal states. Bourbonism spoke often from the rostrum; hypocrisy seldom." — *From The Independent, June 21.*

L. A. 7-12-24

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THIS WEEK

Poor Mr. Spender was very much depressed by Macedonia. He found the land threatened with floods, quaking with terror, and overrun with Serbian soldiers. Even the presumably medicinal waters of Lake Kastoria failed to cheer him.

* * *

Having drawn but slight nourishment from a prolonged diet of Free Trade *à l'anglaise*, India is about ready to try Protection. So is Ireland. And the more far-sighted investors are setting up factories in India and hoping to see the rupees come rolling in.

* * *

With typical Teutonic thoroughness, Professor Lederer has studied the Japanese Problem. His report is that the only people imperiled by the Yellow Peril are the Japanese themselves. They don't eat enough proteins or fats; it takes them a dog's age to learn to read and write their language; their soil is no good; their workers are feeble; their economic organization is preposterous. At least that is what the Professor says.

* * *

This issue contains one of the most fearless exposés ever conducted by our inquisitorial editors. The infamous bacillus of the foot-and-mouth disease has been stripped of its mask by Franz Schikora and we are letting our readers have a peek at the awful truth.

* * *

Professor Wolfgang von Weisl describes how the good Samaritans still keep the feast of the Passover on Mount Gerizim. For thousands of years they have clung to a precarious existence and preserved their ancient customs at the same time.

* * *

The first sentence of Selma Lagerlöf's 'Wedding March' reads, 'Now I am going to tell you a good story.' She does.

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THE LIVING AGE

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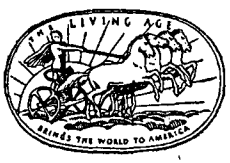

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DOMINION STATUS

PREMIER MACKENZIE KING'S pronouncement in the Canadian Parliament upon the relation of Canada to the Lausanne Treaty has suddenly lifted an undertone in the unceasing discussion of British imperial relations to the prominence of an almost strident keynote. Canada was not represented at the negotiations which resulted in the treaty between the British Empire and Turkey, because she was requested by the London Foreign Office not to send a delegate. The reason for this request was that France proposed to insist upon separate representation for certain of her dependencies in case the autonomous Commonwealths of the Empire participated directly in the negotiations. In other words, there was a new version of the issue that arose as to the relative representation of the United States and Great Britain in the League of Nations during the debate upon our joining the latter body.

The volume and the liveliness of English comment on this subject show how close it comes to the British heart. The *Saturday Review* insists that 'the very serious question of a common Empire policy must be resolutely faced.' The *New Statesman* recognizes that the British Foreign Office will have to concede to Canada and all the Dominions the right to diplomatic autonomy, and that this, though easy enough in theory, is likely to prove embarrassing in practice.

> Other nations with whom we are conferring or disputing are confronted with a single unit that claims five votes. The United States has long boggled at this, as we know, and so now has France. Their objection may seem unreasonable to us; but it is deeply rooted, and we cannot expect to laugh or argue them out of it, especially in cases of controversy where votes may be considered of importance. . . . If France, at some future conference, insists on her Sultan of Morocco as a counterweight to Canada, then we shall have two alternatives — no conference, or the acceptance of the Sultan of Morocco. Either of these courses might be embarrassing or absurd. But neither would be so embarrassing and absurd as the exclusion of Canada against her will.

Some of the specific difficulties in the present situation are thus summarized in the London *Outlook:* —

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Within five years of the Treaty of Versailles, the notion that henceforth there would be a Britannic foreign policy, framed and supported by the Empire as a whole, has been dealt a heavy and perhaps fatal blow. What the actual situation now is nobody knows. Technically Canada remains at war with Turkey. . . . Logically Canadians should not enjoy the benefits of the Treaty. But, if that really matters to them, they will perhaps observe that the United States has found a way of securing all the benefits without the liabilities. . . .

The present drift toward dissolution of the Empire via foreign affairs is not to be arrested by any tightening of the mechanism of consultation — which is impracticable anyhow until the real trouble is dealt with — but only by Britain adopting a national policy based on the Washington rather than the Geneva theory of peace, and therefore lending itself to coöperation with the Dominions and also the United States, Canada being the natural intermediary. . . .

Geography, in this writer's opinion, is weightier than political kinship in moulding the foreign policies of Britain's far-flung Dominions: —

Canadian Liberals instinctively shun a foreign policy of European entanglement, especially when it would definitely entail a military liability. In this they are faithful not only to the memory of Laurier, with his ingrained horror of 'European militarism,' but also to that vaguer, new-world instinct of which the United States is the leading exponent. The American notion, which Wilson challenged to his cost, and Colonel Harvey expounded in London last autumn, at the very moment when General Smuts was publicly advocating more active opposition to France, is that the way to world peace is not by everybody minding everybody's else business, as the League of Nations would have it, but by a friendly reciprocity of Monroe Doctrines. Canada, being in and of America, cannot transfer herself from the American to the European atmosphere. Left alone she would readily join the United States in a policy of steadfast aloofness from European disputes, except when invited to intervene for some specific and temporary purpose by the leading European Powers in concert. Such also is the natural impulse of Australasia and South Africa, although blurred in the one case by loyalty to Britain and in the other by Smuts's personal liking for world politics.

*

TROTSKII CRITICIZES THE COMMUNISTS

Vorwärts publishes with evident satisfaction a confidential memorandum submitted to the Moscow Communist leaders by Trotskii, in which he criticizes unsparingly certain conditions in the Communist Party and in Russia. Among other things he says: —

The appalling demoralization of the Party is due to two causes: (*a*) the radically mistaken and unhealthy Party régime, and (*b*) the discontent of the workingmen and the peasants on account of their bitter economic hardships, which are due not only to objective difficulties but also to obvious fundamental errors in our economic policy.

Trotskii then proceeds to describe how a system of land taxes, exorbitantly high in comparison with the prices of agricultural produce, has created bitter resentment among the peasants — and this resentment has communicated itself to city workers. Their discontent is the ultimate cause of the dissensions that are rending the Party, where insurgent groups have appeared that are rapidly gaining strength.

Trotskii next describes an aspect of the Communist Party's relations with the rank and file of the peasantry that has a striking — almost amusing — parallel with the relations between the Old Guard and the Farm Bloc insurgents in the Republican Party of the United States. He then continues: 'During the last year and a half we have witnessed the development of a peculiar secretariat-psychology, based

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on the conviction that the Party managers are qualified to decide offhand every question without direct knowledge of the actual conditions from which it arises.'

The dominant factor in Russia's present crisis is the great gap between prices of manufactures and prices of agricultural produce. 'It is perfectly clear that a mechanical reduction of merchandise prices by Government decree will in most cases enrich only the middlemen, and will have little effect upon the welfare of the peasant consumer.'

At the Congress of the Russian Communist Party held in Moscow early in June, the 'Old Guard' retained its hold upon the executive officers, excluding such prominent Communists as Trotskii, Radek, and Dzerzhinskii, the former head of the Cheka. The last-mentioned gentleman has emerged from the recent turmoil an ally of Trotskii and a champion of the more moderate — what men of 'bourgeois' prepossessions would call the saner — school of Soviet economics. The Trotskii opposition group, which is very powerful despite its defeat in the Convention, is said to be strengthening its hold upon the rank and file of the people, and may reverse the present situation at any time.

The extent to which inadequate transportation and underconsumption are responsible for Russia's economic ills is illustrated by the difficulties the Soviet authorities are experiencing in disposing of their stock of coal. The mines of the Donetz Basin are now producing nearly 10,000,000 tons a year; and there is a surplus of 1,600,000 tons, for which it is impossible to find a market, although only 170 shafts are in operation as compared with 1800 before the war. It is proposed to reduce export prices and to encourage the sugar mills in the Ukraine to return to the use of coal as fuel.

*

PROFITEERING IN ENGLAND

MR. BALDWIN'S recently expressed opinion that profiteering in Great Britain should have the searchlight of a public inquiry turned upon it moves a Political Correspondent of the *Spectator* to ask: —

> Why is it that a frock costing 25*s.* is sold for £4 4*s.*? I take this as an example of what appears to be going on in the clothing industry, and others could be cited. Knitted goods sold wholesale at 8*s.* 11*d.* are retailed at 40*s.*; velours hats sold wholesale at a guinea are retailed at 50*s.* each, and Fair Isle jumpers which can be bought in Shetland for 50*s.* sell in London for £5 apiece, and sometimes more. . . .

In case of food, we are told the disparity between producers' prices and consumers' prices is even greater, and it is aggravated by the practice of giving short weight: —

> It is by no means inconceivable that owing to short weight given or the inclusion of wrappers in the weight of foods, or a combination of the two, the weekly shortage in a family of four persons consuming per week, say, 2 pounds of fats, 4 pounds of sugar, and 12 pints of milk, would be: fats, ¼ ounce; sugar, 1 ounce, 6 drams; milk, 12 fluid ounces. These figures appear to be very small, but for a town of 32,000 families of the same average size, they represent a weekly illicit profit of something like £380.

Argentine meat sold on the ranch for seven cents a pound, United States currency, dressed weight, and costing to deliver in Smithfield Market less than ten cents a pound, is sold to the butcher for 5½*d.* — or, say, eleven cents. Yet the cheapest cuts are quoted at retail in Great Britain at 8*d.* — sixteen cents — a pound, while rump

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steaks command 1*s.* 10*d.*, or nearly forty-five cents a pound.

The Correspondent conjectures that by eliminating profiteering and unnecessary middlemen's profits the cost of living in Great Britain might be reduced by twenty-five points.

This article brought a letter to the editor of the *Spectator*, signed 'Managing Director,' protesting that retail traders are forced by competition and by the intelligence of their customers to do business on a moderate scale of profits.

No business of any magnitude requiring careful organization and a strictly honorable system could exist in these competitive times on such unscrupulous methods as described. In these days of increased expenses in every direction, the draper who makes five per cent on his returns over and above his expenses has done well. The net profit is not made by extortionate gross profits, but on a quick turnover on small profits. . . .

It is a general rule when a new buyer is engaged to state the rate of profit he is to show on his returns. If he attempts to exceed this he would immediately be outbid by his competitors and probably forfeit his situation.

✻

NO K. K. K. IN IRELAND

A PROTESTANT farmer writes from County Galway to the *Spectator*, protesting against the rumors that Protestants are ill-treated in Western Ireland. As a matter of fact, he says, the disorders in Western Ireland have borne more heavily on Roman Catholic than on Protestant families.

It is not a question of religion at all, but if a man is suspected of having money in his house — and the fairs are watched by these robbers — he is likely to be visited by these miscreants. I know of a Roman Catholic gentleman-farmer living not far from this who was raided seven times, and his motor-car taken, and a lady, an enthusiastic Catholic Sinn Feiner, who was raided at least twice.

After giving further details of the same kind this correspondent says: —

Religious animosity is absolutely unknown in the West of Ireland, and from all accounts there is very little of it in the South. . . . I am a Northerner, but have lived in the West for thirty-five years, and, although a Protestant, have during that time experienced more kindness from my Roman Catholic neighbors than I have from my coreligionists.

✻

A BRITISH POPULATION FORECAST

A FORECAST of the probable movement of population in Great Britain during the next thirty years, published in a recent number of the *Economic Journal* by a prominent statistician, Professor A. L. Bowley, is receiving considerable attention in that country. Leaving out of account emigration and immigration, which are unpredictable, the Professor estimates that Great Britain will attain its maximum population between 1940 and 1950, after which the figures will remain stationary or there may be some retrogression. The prolongation of life by modern sanitation and the advance of medical science is increasing the proportion of older people among the population, while the declining birth-rate is lowering the proportion of children. Unless the population is to fall off, there must be an average of 2.6 births per woman in her lifetime. At a lower rate, the population will soon begin to decline.

'With the present rates of births, deaths, and emigration, Great Britain will have forty-five or forty-six million inhabitants about 1941, after which the number will diminish.'

These forecasts have a practical application — for instance in such long-term housing programmes as the

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British Government has just inaugurated, in anticipating future conditions of employment and unemployment, and indeed in relation to all policies involving what we might term economic hygiene.

✻

SUDAN AGAIN

SUDAN is a big country with varied climate and topography. Its great irrigation works, described in a late issue of the *Living Age*, serve a region very different in most climatic features from other vast territories within the Anglo-Egyptian jurisdiction. A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from El-Obeid, describes a single province, Kordofan, — with an area larger than the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey combined, and a population of less than half a million, — as a forested land of many scenic attractions. The country, as seen on a 150-mile motor-car tour, 'resembles some wooded park at home.'

The spaced gum-trees, the woodcutters' clearances, the black patches where undergrowth has been burned — all combine to give this impression, and the red sand of the road heightens the resemblance to such an extent that at every turn one quite expects to see the manse or countryseat in the distance.

What one also notices in a drive of this nature is the amount of animal and bird life that exists in what is, after all, at this time of year a waterless region. The air is full of birds, some of them most charming, such as the golden-crested crane, which supplies the officers of the Camel Corps with their hackle; the lesser hornbill, with its curious colored wings and mournful cry; the bustard, the stone pheasant, the crested ground-lark, the bulbul, and the glossy starling, with its glorious sheen feathers, which change from blue to green and mauve to purple as the sun falls on them. Wherever one goes there are guinea fowl and rabbits; gazelles run gracefully about among the bushes or flit daintily across one's path; here and there a fox is disturbed in his morning hunt; while one of the prettiest sights is the jerboas, who from time to time are attracted to the roadside by the noise of the car and, evidently fascinated at what they see, instead of drawing back make a mad rush across almost under the wheels and disappear, with their bushy tails spread out behind them as a counterpoise as they bound into the foliage.

✻

MINOR NOTES

THE Catholic Church, which has at present 2,208,000 converts in China and an ordained native clergy numbering 1701, deemed it advisable to raise a selected few of these Chinese clergymen to the dignity of prelates. Those chosen have been trained for about fifteen years in their native literature, in mathematical and physical science, in general history, in Latin, philosophy, and theology, in Scripture, apologetics, and canon law. The highest dignity to which natives have been appointed up to the present is that of prefects apostolic. They are not bishops; they have the rank of prelates and may wear the mitre and ring, but are not allowed the use of the crosier or of the throne. These appointments, of which two have been made already, are incidentally a concession to the growing demand that exists throughout Asia for ecclesiastical as well as political autonomy.

WITHIN the past year the Labor Party has won several victories in Australia, with the result that four of the six States of the Commonwealth — Queensland, Tasmania, South Australia — now have Labor Cabinets, and there is a probability that Labor will return to power in the Commonwealth Parliament after the next election. If so, this means a Capital Levy

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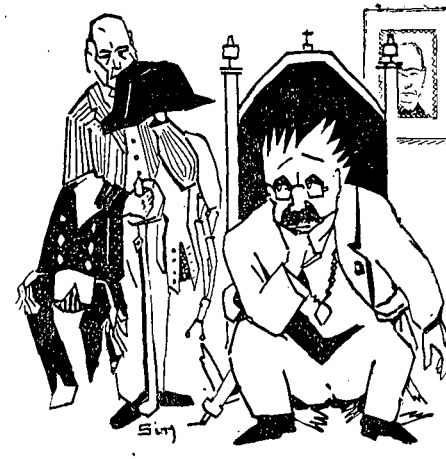
to provide for the war debt, and presumably heavier taxation all along the line. As in the United States, the farmers are dissatisfied with the present administration, and attribute their hardships largely to the burdens of Protection and a policy that they conceive is favoring city at the expense of country interests.

An important link in the future railway net of Africa has just been completed in British Sudan. It extends from the present line joining Khartum and the Red Sea to the borders of the Italian province of Eritrea, tapping the fertile Gash Delta, where 15,000 acres of irrigated land are already being planted with cotton, and 100,000 acres are expected eventually to be developed. Among the heavy freight awaiting transport when the railhead reached Kassala were one thousand tons of cotton seed. The line will eventually be extended to join the railway south of Sudan at a point on the Blue Nile, thus completing a loop through fairly fertile country. The portion just finished is 216 miles in length. It was built with British materials and financed under the Trades Facilities Act.

According to a recent announcement by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, the British Government proposes to begin at once a programme of airship construction. The first vessel, which will probably not be in service until 1926, is planned to have accommodation for about 200 passengers, ten or twelve tons of mail, and other freight. It will have a range of some 2500 miles, with a cruising speed of 80 miles an hour. This will enable the Government to maintain a direct air-service to India on a sixty-hour schedule, with one halt in Egypt, where a mooring-mast and other facilities are to be provided.

DIAGNOSING THE DICTATOR

Mussolini. A velvet glove to go over this steel gauntlet. — *La Tribuna*



Millerand. Perhaps I ought to have remained a Republican. — *Progrès Civique*

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THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK

BY J. L. GARVIN

From the *Observer, June* 15
(London Moderate Sunday Paper)

Recent political changes in France have happily eliminated the graver possibilities that lay on the immediate fringes of the Presidential crisis. M. Millerand could, if he had wished, have exhausted the authority conferred on him by the Letter of the Constitution before consenting to lay down his office. His resignation at once relaxed the strain and eased the way for compromise.

The Left returned from the elections committed to an exceptional course which its more moderate elements, probably including its leader, only preferred to a premature split in its forces. It was pledged to counter M. Millerand's interpretation of the Presidential function.

Set in these lines the Left now moved on to complete its victory. It had defeated M. Millerand and his conception of the Presidential prerogative. It next proposed to put in office the President of its choice. But danger signals were already showing. The Senate had voted without eagerness for the dismissal of M. Millerand. It was still less eager for the whole party triumph. That would have meant fuller power for the more advanced policies of the majority in the Chamber than it was prepared to countenance. It would also have meant an association between party change and Presidential succession which, on top of M. Millerand's dismissal, would have shaken still further the security of the seven years' tenure. Having played their part in disestablishing the partisan character of the Presidency, Radical Senators drew back from another vote which might paradoxically have set a precedent for its firmer reëstablishment.

In the party conclave, M. Painlevé, the chosen candidate of the Left leaders, failed to command the support necessary to assure his success in the National Assembly at Versailles. From that moment the conclusion was certain. M. Painlevé went to Versailles as the official candidate of the Left parties. M. Doumergue became the candidate of the moderate section of the Left, there joined in full force by the Right, and now succeeds M. Millerand at the Élysée.

The constitutional battle thus leaves the constitution uninjured and, probably, strengthened. The Presidential office comes out of this critical fortnight defined by new precedents of greater weight than a purely partisan victory could have given them. The constitutionalism of the new President is vouched for by his political record. He has lost no time in declaring that he will hold himself above parties, and that his inspiration will be the wishes of Parliament. The victory, then, is a victory neither for the Right nor for the Left, but for the spirit of constitutionalism. Aside from party and personal issues the result seems to interpret a general distaste for extreme courses which is the only safeguard democracy can have and without which its paper safeguards are paper. A true democratic faculty for compromise controlled the emergency. A

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week ago the stability of French institutions seemed threatened, and the stability of Europe with them. On the safe passing of that crisis this country may congratulate itself while it congratulates its neighbor.

We may expect henceforth a more cordial and accommodating tone in the foreign policy of France. We may expect a humanizing of diplomatic practice. But the difficulties in the way of reconciliation and settlement in Europe have not been demolished by the French elections or lessened in the constitutional issue that has arisen out of them. There is still work to do and ground to travel before the main lines of European policy converge toward agreement.

Though we are not entitled, on the facts, to expect any wholesale revolution in French foreign policy, we have no doubt of the sincerity in which M. Herriot will seek to substitute constructive agreement both with Germany and with Britain for the now bankrupt policies of dictation and isolation. He will meet the Chamber with his Government this week. Almost his next business will be a visit to London and a meeting with Mr. MacDonald. The sitting of the Dawes Committee, and the series of General Elections in Europe, have imposed a moratorium of nearly nine months. That is now ended. Even before that the Poincaré policy, with its fixed obsessions of French domination in the Ruhr and on the Rhine, had to run to its appointed end. While it ran, negotiation for any fruitful purpose was impossible. So far as Reparations and the fundamental question of peace were concerned, diplomatic contact between France and Britain was, during that period, practically suspended.

The negotiators will now renew their discussions in the possession of facts which, little effect as they may have had before they received demonstration, are not now to be trifled with. An international committee of experts has unanimously laid down the economic conditions under which alone Germany can be placed in a position to pay. They have framed an economic policy for Europe. Political considerations must be adjusted to it. If they are not, economic 'sanctions' will take effect automatically. In the last resort the economic factors have proved more potent than the political. This is another of the facts which European statesmanship is now appraised of. We have seen the franc in distress and grave danger. We have seen it temporarily rescued by the use of the French gold reserve. We have seen the mark artificially and conditionally stabilized by stringent devices. What must follow the fresh collapse of the mark or the franc needs no saying. Any political advantage which could be temporarily stolen in the face of the economic 'sanctions' would immediately be swallowed up in the fresh collapse, trebling or quadrupling all the consequences of the first collapse, of these currencies.

These are the material factors at present on the side of hope. The parties now in a majority in the French Chamber have always had a clearer perception of them than the opposition. They are not the only factors, nor can a policy that is to lead to genuine peace be shaped by them alone. It is no accident by which the resurgence of German nationalism coincided with M. Poincaré's régime. It is no fancy that the timely appearance of the Dawes Report, with its proposals for plain and businesslike dealing with Germany, respited democracy in the Reich. These also are facts within the purview of the negotiations, new, though only in the sense that they have had to be demonstrated before acceptance. Democracy in Germany is, as the mak-

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ers of the Versailles Treaty affected to see, a cardinal factor in the peace of the Continent. It should be the undeviating purpose of French and British diplomacy to render it secure. M. Poincaré from time to time paid it lip-service. The Left has a livelier conviction of its importance. We hope to see the spirit of M. Herriot's excellent declarations take practical effect in the Ruhr and the occupied territory.

Such are the simple facts which provide a British and a French Prime Minister, coming fresh to their business, without personal responsibility for the past, after an eighteen months' intermission of negotiation between their respective countries, with an opportunity such as has not yet existed. Whether they can take it, whether they will be able to make of the Dawes Report a practical instrument not only for the restoration of European credit but for reforming the whole spirit of the relationships between victors and vanquished, is a question not independent of political contingencies. But a great advance from the present position is possible, and statesmanship will know how to handle its risks.

THE LEAGUE RECEIVES ROYALTY

BY GEORG POPOFF

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, May 27*
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

There are still kings in the world and also elaborate royal receptions. But they have become so rare that they impress the spectator like some historical moving-picture in natural colors — above all if he has been a participant in the Russian and German revolutions. I have seen so many of the great ones of the earth dethroned and humbled, so much human misery among their people, that it is hard to believe in the reality of this ritual, this court ceremony, or even the existence to-day of crowned heads. And this unreality seems the greater when presented in a setting whose every detail suggests the new spirit of a democratic age.

Consequently, despite all affectation of simplicity and unostentatious ease, an unnatural and strained atmosphere surrounds the visit of the Rumanian royal couple at Geneva. Everywhere antiquated and newborn forms clash. At the railroad station, in the midst of a group of waiting officials, stands the well-known Socialist, Albert Thomas, Chief of the International Labor Bureau, wearing a well-pressed morning coat and a shiny stovepipe hat, and with an expression of dignified formality on his countenance. At his side is an elegantly gowned lady, holding a marvelous bouquet, evidently destined for the Queen. This chic Parisian apparition is Madame Albert Thomas. On my word of honor, Madame Trotskii looks much more proletarian.

The train approaches — the private train of the King of Rumania, consisting of ten cars. The Russian Tsar used to travel with his attendants in

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three trains, each consisting of fifteen cars, so that the pomp of the Rumanian monarch is quite modest by comparison. As usual when a royal train arrives, a lackey with a general's overcoat on his arm jumps off first. Next comes a variegated stream of couriers, officers, ministers, generals, courtiers, ladies in waiting — Rumania displaying her magnificence.

At last the face of the King appears, wreathed with the friendly smile so familiar in his photographs. He wears a hussar uniform, bespattered with decorations. Next comes the Queen — handsome, elegant, majestic, conspicuous in a wonderful pearl necklace. Behind the Queen march two court ladies, the one fat and homely, the other slender and pretty; both wearing beautiful gowns. Madame Thomas presents the gorgeous bouquet and everything else proceeds according to the ritual. At length an endless line of automobiles starts in the direction of the city. It looks a bit dull, because motor-cars do not adapt themselves to royal processions. The old gala carriages with their prancing horses were more impressive.

The republican inhabitants of the Canton of Geneva rejoice at the show, and cry their *vivats*. Although a Swiss Communist paper had proposed that some brave man should yell, '*Vive la Bessarabie Russe!*' in the King's ear, just as Floquet once shouted '*Vive la Pologne!*' at the Tsar, no one follows this tactless advice. The people of Geneva have better taste than that. The beautiful Queen has made a deeper impression on them than have the Bolsheviki, and gayly they cheer, '*Vive la Reine, vive la Reine!*'

The formal reception at the League Headquarters takes place on the historic verandah, 'the glass house on Lake Geneva,' where Signor Salandra last fall defended the imperialism of Benito Mussolini so vigorously that the place would have been wrecked had not someone called out, 'Those who live in glass houses should n't throw stones.' Consequently King Ferdinand, who has to reckon with an eventual settlement with Russia, may well be welcomed when he ascends this Olympus of the League of Nations to proclaim loudly to the whole world Rumania's desire for peace. . . .

With gay courage the ruling couple enter the glass house, where a throne has been raised for each. But there is also a third — for Sir Eric Drummond, for the League, for the majesty of peace. . . . A remarkable scene then ensues. At first all three sit a moment on their thrones in silence. Then Sir Eric rises — a typical Englishman, half embarrassment, half cricket-ground democracy. His voice quavers with confusion. His right hand, which holds the copy of his address, trembles visibly, while his left hand rests calmly in his trousers pocket. But despite his stammering, his English flows on, self-reliant and easy. Sir Eric says, 'Your Majesties,' but it sounds as if he said, 'My dear old chappies.' And so everyone understands his meaning: that the League is talking to Rumania merely as to one of its children. . . .

Then the King rises, the King of Rumania, of the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Nervously he tugs at a string, the purpose of which no one can grasp. But behold, the string ends in a monocle! The royal right brow rises, the royal right cheek drops, and the gold-rimmed monocle sits jauntily in the royal right eye-socket! Like a flash of lightning a word shoots through the spectator's mind: '*Serenissimus!*' Then the royal right hand descends into the pocket of the hussar tunic, and pulls out a folded sheet of paper. Carefully His

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Majesty unfolds it, looks at it right side up, then bottom side up, then right side up once more, and finally reads the contents in French with a strong German accent.

The King says: 'Rumania is always ready to support the League of Nations, so that the ideals of humanity and justice may prevail throughout the world.' And yet only a few days before *Basler Nachrichten* had said, in an article on 'Rumania and the League of Nations': 'King Ferdinand and Queen Marie enter a country which feels for Rumania both sympathy and interest. But unfortunately not always a happy interest. We Swiss are overwhelmingly either Protestants or Roman Catholics, and are therefore grieved over the difficulties, not to say persecutions, which our fellow communicants have to endure in the new provinces of Rumania, particularly in Transylvania. Two thirds of our people speak German. We therefore view adversely Rumania's persistent attempt to deprive her German-speaking subjects of their ancient language. And Switzerland is also a member of the League of Nations. Therefore it pains us to hear continually how Rumania evades or openly violates her obligations under the League to protect her religious and linguistic minorities.' But of course such painful subjects cannot be mentioned at this official reception, and therefore only sunshine is reflected on the faces of all. . . .

At the International Labor Bureau the Socialist Albert Thomas delivers an eloquent address such as only a Frenchman can deliver, and in his own tongue. This is in substance what he says: 'Queen, cast your radiant eyes upon me. As you once during the war bent your beautiful face over your struggling people, so may you now during peace let your inspiring glances rest with sympathy on laboring humanity.' Am I not right? Is there any other language in which a Socialist can say such things to a Queen? No, and no other nation can be so polite.

The good Queen bows her beautiful head in assent, and smiles sadly. What is she to do, poor thing? Out on the street she mixes with 'the people.' Washerwomen, cooks, factory girls and their kind surround her, jests fly back and forth. The washerwomen laugh aloud and the Queen seems to be highly amused. Even the King talks familiarly with the everyday people of all ranks whom he meets. He is supposed to do that even in Rumania, which may have led him to make the remark: 'If there should be a revolution in Rumania, I'm sure I could be elected President of the Republic.'

When the royal couple leave we once more admire the beauty of the ceremony and of the Queen. Standing on the platform, stately, noble, and pretty, she is a really inspiring sight. There is something of the Romanovs in the great-granddaughter of Alexander II, even in the deep bow with which she greets the people. That was the way the Russian Grand Duchesses received when they were alive. Queen Marie, what thoughts stir in your beautiful head? Your Russian cousins no longer have any heads. Your relatives of Saxony-Coburg-Gotha and Hohenzollern have ended their reigns, and even your own daughter has been compelled to descend from the throne of Greece, because her husband was not wanted as President in Hellas. But there Marie of Rumania stands, silent, erect, and proud, with majesty in her bearing — every inch a Queen. And she bows farewell over and over again with her handsome head, and smiles with the conventional and fascinating smile that belongs only to those truly to the palace born.

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HANDICAPPED JAPAN

BY PROFESSOR EMIL LEDERER

[We add to the articles, "Awakening India' and 'Changing China,' by this distinguished sociologist, recently professor at the Imperial University in Tokyo, a final contribution upon a country which he was able to study with an equally discerning and even more intimate eye. Several paragraphs, mostly of a statistical nature, have been summarized or omitted.]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, May* 11, 14, 16
(LIBERAL DAILY)

CERTAIN fundamental economic conditions, too elementary to be modified by Japan's superficial industrialization, determine the social configuration of that country. First of all, Japan remains a land of peasants, in spite of the rapid factory development of recent years. Two thirds of her people still support themselves by agriculture, and one half of the population is exclusively devoted to this pursuit. About five and one half million peasant families cultivate an area of fifteen million acres — or, upon an average, only three acres per family, as compared with one hundred and fifty acres in the United States. Nature has but grudgingly gifted with fertile soil this mountainous and volcanic archipelago. Its arable land is cultivated far into the remoter recesses of the mountains. A person who observes the tiny paddy fields laboriously carried up the side of the foothills on terraces, or precariously tucked away in narrow cañon bottoms, where their protecting dikes are threatened by every freshet, cannot fail to be impressed with the endless toil and patience demanded of its peasants.

In spite of these unfavorable conditions, Japan can normally feed nearly its whole population. Even in an exceptionally unfavorable year like 1919 the importation of rice amounted to only $81,000,000, or about $1.25 per capita. Were the land reserves of Hokushu (Hokkaido) under cultivation, no foodstuffs would need to be procured abroad. None the less, imports of fodder and artificial fertilizers, especially oil cake, are growing rapidly. And while the country is theoretically self-sufficient in respect to food, it procures its subsistence at a high cost — the labor of sixty per cent or more of all its able-bodied workers. If we add to this artisans and operatives in occupations subordinate to agriculture, and labor employed in distributing agricultural products, we see that the nation's surplus productivity is, if measured by European standards, very small.

Another important limitation to Japan's prosperity lies in the character of her workers. They are very clever, and quick at mastering unfamiliar trades, but they lack endurance, and do not equal Europeans or Americans in per capita output. That is explained partly by their diet, which consists chiefly of rice and fish, and is deficient in fats and other stimulating elements. Even when wages were much less in Japan than in Europe, labor costs were no lower. To-day they are absolutely higher, because the whole price-level has risen, including wages as measured in gold, although the compensation of

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labor has not kept pace with the increased cost of living. For the latter reason, no appreciable betterment has occurred in the standard of living, which alone would be likely to increase the worker's output. Moreover, the general rhythm of Japanese life is unfavorable to continuous and intense exertion. Despite all these handicaps, however, labor output is slowly rising. Statistics indicate that this is true in rice-farming and silk-raising; and, despite many discouraging conditions, both the total and the per capita product of manufacturing have risen notably since the beginning of the war.

Japanese industry is not organized on a basis of quantity production. To be sure, some large establishments are models in their way, but manufacturing in general is still carried on by antiquated methods. Brokers and middlemen of every kind abound in all lines of business. For example, the coal used in Tokyo passes through eight different hands between producer and consumer. Trading profits, particularly retail profits, are very small. Shopkeepers' families do not support themselves entirely by selling goods. The shop is often a side line, which ekes out an income earned in other vocations. The first impression a stranger receives upon arriving in a Japanese town is of endless rows of little shops and streets thronged with itinerant vendors. The shops often combine manufacturing with retailing. This splitting-up of business into tiny units naturally represents a waste of labor in production.

Japanese commercial ethics tacitly forbid undercutting prices. Consequently competition is not as effective a business regulator in Japan — or in any part of the Orient — as in Europe.

Another impediment to production is the system of writing. It usually takes six years to master even the most necessary ideographs, and though the process of memorizing them is correlated in the school curriculum with other studies, this effort monopolizes the mind of the pupil with a purely mnemonic exercise. The result is that the reasoning faculties develop late. University students seldom complete their courses before they are twenty-six years old. The long period required to obtain an education shortens correspondingly the time left for productive activities. This becomes more important when we take into account that the average term of life in Japan is shorter than in Europe and America. Incidentally, this complicated system of writing discourages the use of labor-saving devices, such as typewriters and duplicating machines. It also prevents precision of expression.

Production is further hampered by a topheavy bureaucratic organization, and the excessive personnel employed in private enterprises and public offices. Europeans will note at once that the number of guards, conductors, and other functionaries in the railway and tramway service is abnormally large according to European standards. The same condition may be remarked in any post office. This is explained partly by the system of writing, which complicates all transactions where it is used. To be sure, salaries are very low, and the service their recipients perform is presumably of correspondingly moderate value. The whole system encourages waste. The large number of officials adds to the complication of business. Bureaucracy is a costly burden to the country.

In addition to these drags upon production, Japan is handicapped by destructive natural disasters. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and great fires levy a heavy tax upon her national wealth. The fragile system of construction, probably adopted because

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of the frequency of earthquakes and floods, is a constant invitation to great conflagrations. The average length of life of a Japanese house is but a fraction of that of a house in Europe. The materials employed — matting, mud, and weak native timber — are themselves short-lived. Therefore, even though labor is cheap and the first cost of building is less than in Europe, a relatively large proportion of the wealth-creating energy of the people is absorbed in providing shelter.

Passing over the question whether it is really desirable to reform the economic structure of Japan, so as to relieve its people of these industrial handicaps, it is very doubtful if that is possible. To be sure, the country is rapidly becoming industrialized, but as yet only superficially. This modernization of production has not radically changed the habits of the people. A Japanese factory is very different from a German factory. Agriculture, handicrafts, and the mechanic arts, which still form the most important part of the country's industry, have changed but little. The features of Japan's economy that prevent her attaining Western standards of production are largely of a permanent character. The ratio of population to cultivated area cannot be changed materially. As soon as the still virgin lands of Hokushu are brought under crops, the peasants will multiply to correspond. Mass emigration meets an obstacle in a Japanese family's attachment to its native soil. Neither Hokushu nor Korea attracts many settlers. The general use of agricultural machinery and draft animals is prevented by the minute subdivision of the fields, and the fact that rice is the chief crop.

Until the war local prices were exceedingly low in Japan. They were the prices of an agricultural country that still retained a superstitious reverence for the precious metals. This was particularly true of the cost of food and labor. Moreover, this low price-level was relatively stable, because export markets did not affect it. What was produced at home was consumed at home, and little agricultural produce was imported. This condition did not apply to the same extent to manufactures, but there were so few parallels between home-made and imported goods that the cost of one had little effect upon the cost of the other.

Although Japan's wars with China and Russia were followed by a slight fall in the purchasing power of money, it was not until the World War that a radical price-revolution occurred. For the first time in their history the Japanese began to work en masse for the people of other countries. The nation's man power was absorbed in producing munitions and manufactures for the Allies. The balance of trade, which hitherto had been slightly against Japan, suddenly swung overwhelmingly in the other direction; so that her people acquired large credits abroad, and she was flooded with precious metals. This reversal of trade balances enabled Japan to pay up much of her foreign debt — in fact, to become a creditor nation. . . .

Naturally this condition was exceptional. A country whose productivity is below normal cannot remain permanently a creditor country except at the cost of great self-privation. Japan's condition just before the earthquake might be summarized as follows: her productive efficiency was not at the highest point, her natural resources were limited, public and private expenditures had mounted rapidly. The Government had done little to meet this situation. Japan's political leaders are firm believers in private enterprise. They are inclined to identify national interests with the interests of great

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corporations. Meanwhile the tension between the classes is increasing. The gulf between different social strata, and between members of successive generations, is extraordinarily wide. Behind his smooth, amiable countenance the Japanese is a man of violent passions, prone to explosive outbreaks.

Despite many mutual suspicions and antipathies, Japan is profoundly influenced by the United States. She has modeled her trusts upon those of America, forgetting that she does not possess the inexhaustible natural resources of her rival across the Pacific. Neither do her people enjoy as yet the civic training, democratic institutions, and popular education of the Americans — advantages that place in the hands of America's consumers weapons that the common people of Japan do not possess. Capitalism prospers in the United States because of the country's steady economic expansion, which makes it possible to raise steadily the standard of living of the masses. How long this will continue it is impossible to predict. But Japan, where economic betterment is confined within narrow limits, where productive forces are weak, where there are no boundless possibilities, is in a very different situation. Her economic limitations speedily express themselves in social oppression, and no one can say how soon the forces thus confined will break violently forth.

So this attractive country, which may seem to the superficial observer a land of carefree happiness, is beneath the surface also a land of intimidating problems.

PROTECTION IN INDIA

BY ST. NIHAL SINGH

From the *Irish Statesman*, *May* 24
(DUBLIN FREE STATE WEEKLY)

IT is not without significance that Protection is being initiated simultaneously in British India and the Irish Free State. While Mr. Ernest Blythe is carrying through his proposals to foster Irish industries by handicapping certain imports, a bill imposing heavy duties upon some classes of steel imported into India has just been completed by the Legislative Department of the Government of India, and will be introduced at the session of the Legislative Assembly which will open shortly at Simla.

The motive power in India and Ireland is derived from the same source. The system of Free Trade imposed from the outside has produced a strong revulsion in the minds of nearly every person who can think politically in either country. By her action Britain has made it impossible for Indians and Irishmen to consider economic issues solely or even mainly from the economic point of view.

At the time the British succeeded in establishing their dominion over India the products of her looms and forges

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were in demand in every civilized land and gave employment to a considerable percentage of the population, whose skill, acquired through the experience of generations, was admired in Europe as much as it was in Asia. With the extinction of Indian rule in British India, however, and the subordination of such rajahs as were left, the industries which theretofore had been thriving began to wither and die, and an ever-increasing number of men and women began to be squeezed out of crafts and thrown back upon the land under tillage, in time making the soil groan under a terrible pressure.

This movement was not entirely due to political causes. The development of power industries, particularly in Lancashire, forced upon the handicraftsmen of India a competition which they were not able to combat.

The political dominated the economic factor, however. Such Indians as could think realized that the men who controlled India's affairs were of the same race and religion as those who were engaged in commerce and banking — they wined and dined together — and the bread they broke and the whiskey and soda they sipped were bought with the money acquired through trade which was crushing the Indian laborer and making life intolerable for the Indian peasant. They further saw that when the English textile industry was young Indian imports into Britain had been penalized, whereas similar action was not taken to afford protection to Indian industries which for centuries had depended, in no small measure, upon the patronage given by the Emperor and his Court. Action was taken, on the contrary, to facilitate the expansion of the import trade, particularly by means of fixing favorable rates on railways built with Indian money but uncontrolled by Indians.

At a later stage actual attempts were made to penalize the only modern industry which Indians had been able to establish in their country, a duty on cotton goods produced in Indian mills being levied to 'countervail' the duty paid on yarn and cloth from Lancashire and elsewhere. Until comparatively recent years the educational policy was so framed and administered by British officials that it gave the Indian youth little opportunity to acquire scientific, engineering, technical, or commercial training, and forced him into the only channel open — pseudo-literary education entirely lacking the life-giving principle of nationalism — and thereby produced another series of terribly grave problems which a self-governing India will have to solve.

Political bitterness made educated Indians look upon Free Trade as an invention of the Devil, and tended to develop Protectionist tendencies in them. Had they lived under a different system of governance, which permitted them to view economic issues from the purely economic angle of vision, they might have become strong Free Traders.

Much the same conditions have produced in Ireland Protective tendencies, but whereas the Free State is beginning her experiment in Protection after shaking off British control, the Protective system is being introduced in India while she is still in British leading strings. Whatever else it may do, it will strengthen the tendency in the British to set up industries in India instead of engaging in import and export trade and intensifying the exploitation of Indian resources by persons who have no abiding interest in the country but degenerate India more and more into a land of coolies.

In the ratio in which this exploitation becomes intense, the Indian political problem will, I fear, grow more

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difficult. The opposition to Indian Home Rule, which proceeds from the classes from which the British officials in India are recruited, though formidable, is nothing compared with that which comes from the mill-owners in the industrial counties of England and Scotland, particularly Lancashire and contiguous counties, from the great banking, export and import, and shipping houses with headquarters in the City of London and connections in India, and the British firms which have been able to secure contracts running into tens of millions sterling for stores needed by the Government departments and railways in India, manned, at the top, by Britons who naturally prefer to patronize their own people and to use British products. The very existence of these British financiers, industrialists, commercialists, and middlemen is menaced by the transfer of political power in India from Britons to Indians, and by the development of Indian industry, commerce, and banking through Indian agency and under Indian control. The more shrewd among them realize that their effort to retard Indian self-government will, sooner or later, fail, and some of them have seen the wisdom of abandoning commerce with India in favor of setting up industries in that country, and have thus found a means of adding to their wealth at a much faster rate than would be possible through the investment of the same capital in Britain, where labor is much dearer and more unruly than is the case with Indian workers.

During my recent Indian tour I was surprised to see the rapidity with which mining licences were being acquired by British individuals and syndicates, and sites were being bought for building mills, factories, and workshops, and with which British firms were setting up chemical laboratories, iron and steel mills, cement works and the like. I found these British industrialists strongly Protectionist, and have little doubt that but for the demands put forward by them the bill which has been framed to give Protection to certain classes of Indian steel would never have emerged from the Legislative Department of the Government of India until that Government had ceased to be preponderatingly British in personnel, as it is to-day. I have even less doubt that their representatives in the Legislative Assembly will throw all their weight in favor of this measure.

Even those Indians who are alive to the dangers arising from the rapid increase in the number of Britons bent upon exploiting Indian resources in materials and men feel that they can check the menace by applying quack remedies, such as insisting upon the registration of companies in India, and the inclusion of a certain number of Indians upon a Board of Directors. They little realize that such means have been tested and found wanting. It is not impossible, on the contrary, that a time may come when the British industrialists in India may find it to their advantage to form an alliance with the Indian industrialists and thereby create a caste of monopolists which will sweep everything before it.

The policies pursued by the British in India have, however, bred in the Indian mind a deep antagonism toward Free Trade and a great fascination for Protection. Indians will look only on the brighter side of life in protected countries — rapid industrial growth and the consequential accession of wealth. They will not see that side by side with it terrible abuses have multiplied — gnawing poverty, slums, and political corruption. Such British friends as have sought to draw their attention to these evils have been con-

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demned as self-seekers. Even Mahatma Gandhi's effort to turn back from the machine to the handwheel has not arrested the expansion of industrialism or the spread of the Protection fever.

The Government of India probably thinks that by seeming to bow to the Indian will in this matter — and at this time — it will gain a political advantage. It is, however, impossible to conceive that the Labor Government will give it leave to feed Indians on meat sufficiently highly spiced to satisfy their appetite for Protection. The taste which they will acquire will only make them feel that they cannot satisfactorily deal with their economic problem until they have first got the political problem out of the way.

MACEDONIA, LAND OF FEAR

BY HAROLD SPENDER

From the *Daily Telegraph, May* 26
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

'COME over to Macedonia and help us' seems to be now, as of yore, the wail of that unhappy land, and, hearing it in the course of my Balkan journey, I decided to make a tour through the Macedonian highlands. My object was generally to see at first hand the details of the great exchange of population between Turk and Christian; to have a look at our British relief work, and principally to obtain a general survey of the working of the country under the arrangements of the new treaties. The greater part of Southern Macedonia is now Greek. The Serbian frontier comes just south of Monastir, and the Bulgarians are thrown back eastward practically out of Macedonia. In exploring Macedonia, therefore, one is, in the main, still within the frontiers of Greece, and we were given every possible help and support both by the Greek Government and by the British relief authorities.

We traveled across the hot plain of Saloniki in the comfortable little train which now goes as far as Monastir, and after a few hours of flat going we began to climb the lower hills of the Macedonian highlands. The line is hewn through the rock, and boldly bridged across the valleys. We moved upward on a day of lovely spring sunshine, amid the fresh green of the young mulberry trees and the sweet savor of the creamy-flowered acacia. We looked down on beautiful valleys and up to distant heights, and at the little stations we watched all the gayety and merriment which accompanies the celebration of the Greek Easter. The little boys were selling the scarlet-dyed eggs, and the shepherds were bringing down on their shoulders the little lambs which are the paschal victims of this Christian feast. CHRISTOS ANESTO!

We stopped for lunch at the lovely little town of Vodena, which stands on a high hill platform with white cata-

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racts streaming from it like locks of snowy hair. The Turks called it 'the Place of Many Waters,' and hither the richer folk of Saloniki come for their holidays. The houses of the little town peep out from between emerald veils of mountain ash and poplar, now breaking into their first fresh green. This beautiful place has the rare distinction of producing green grapes all the year round, and they were sold to us in paper bags at the railway station.

Then we passed along the shores of the great lake of Ostrovo — one of the largest of that group of inland waters which form the chief beauty of Macedonia. The lake of Ostrovo would be as popular as one of the Italian lakes if it were more accessible. Like Lake Como it is framed in a curve of beautiful hills, and its waters have the same lustrous azure tint. But Lake Ostrovo has become a serious anxiety to the Greek Government. It has begun to rise at the rate of three or four feet a year, and the result is that the villages round it are losing their land. The lake road has disappeared, and the railway is now being rebuilt for the second time, once more at a higher point in the mountains. The actual track along which we passed was already threatened, and we could see all round us the tops of half-submerged trees and the remains of flooded houses. An island with a broken minaret, now standing some way out in the lake, was once a peninsula.

Somehow this rising lake of Ostrovo seemed to me typical of the Balkan spirit, with all its waywardness and its contrariness, its leisurely self-will. As if to carry the parallel further, the villagers themselves regard the rise of the lake with a strange passive fatalism. They are always hopeful that some day it will cease. Even now the raising of the railway gives man only a few years' advantage over the lake, and if the rise continues the line will soon be wholly destroyed.

At last we arrived at Sorovitch, a little Greek town newly rebuilt since the ravages of the war, and lying at the meeting-place of two great Macedonian valleys. We were received by welcoming deputations of all the principal Greek authorities; we visited the camps of the refugees, both Greek and Turkish; made brave orations in which *Zetc* was the outstanding phrase; drank much sweet coffee; and then started off in a little Ford car up into the Macedonian hills.

We drove for six hours on that day along the highways of Macedonia, and I shall never forget the impressions of that ride. There is great beauty of nature in the Macedonian hills — beauty of shape and form, color and shadow; the gold of the sunset and the purple of the twilight on the bare treeless flanks of the hills; the charm of old-world villages and tapering minarets. Then there is the infinite variety of the life of the Balkan highway — the little caravans of loaded mules and donkeys, the groups of scarlet-fezzed Turks and sturdy Christian peasants, in their sheepskins; the great flocks of sheep and goats, led by their lonely shepherds; the toiling ploughmen pressing down into the soil the points of their primitive wooden ploughs; the horned buffaloes, the gigantic dogs. All these sights and sounds would alone make Macedonia a moving picture of endless and inexhaustible interest.

But after all it is the human factor which, here in Macedonia, occupies the centre of the stage. There are many other lovely mountain districts in Europe, and in some respects Macedonia recalls the scenery of the Scottish Highlands. But there is nowhere else in Europe where you are conscious of the same strange brooding human spirit. It is partly fear and partly

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poverty. But there is also an element of menace and savagery never far behind. You see it in the eyes of the passers-by, of the little village groups. You hear grim stories of banditry, now ominously reviving after a pause of half a century. That is, I suppose, why the Greek Government insisted that we should enjoy the company of ten gendarmes, cheerful men, but generally so far in the rear that we had to rely upon their spiritual support alone.

Fear — that is at the base of this spirit that pervades Macedonia — the inherited fear of a population that has been harassed and ravaged for centuries, and expects to be harried and ravaged again. That fear has become defensive, and it is expressed in the behavior of those very same sheepdogs — animals that come from afar across the fields rushing swiftly at your motor, and almost leap into the car with deep bayings, only giving up the pursuit when they are quite exhausted. Those dogs remind one of the wolves of Russia.

This Macedonian fear becomes an alarmed curiosity as the people watch your car. What are you there for? What honest purpose could bring a man possessed of his senses to this forlorn land? What kind of oppressor are you? A landlord, a taxer, or an evictor? Do you come to sell weapons? To kidnap men? Those are the fleeting shapes and forms taken by the fear of Macedonia. Remember that it is only twelve years since these people were subject to the caprices of any passing Turkish pasha or bey, and that since then they have been bandied about between the ambitions of new Christian States. Even to-day they are being visited by murderous bands. No wonder there is fear in Macedonia.

Toward the close of the afternoon we climbed over a great pass, up and down a marvelous zigzag road, but in such a fearful condition that at every moment the car seemed on the point of falling over an abyss. We ran down another valley and climbed another smaller height. Then, turning a corner, lo! we found ourselves suddenly in the presence of the loveliest star of the Macedonian lakes — the lake of Kastoria. Her town lies in the midst, once an island, now a peninsula. Later on we threaded the cobbled tracks of her neglected streets in the pitch darkness, and were glad at last to find rest and hospitality in the comfortable home of a well-to-do fur-merchant, who most kindly entertained us. For Kastoria, strangely enough, is a rich little town, drawing its money from the fur trade, and in close touch with London and New York.

Next day we took another long ride, this time due north by Florina. There we were feasted by the Greek Prefect, the Deputy, and the Chief of the Gendarmerie at a most picturesque and varied little banquet in the local inn. Florina is a lovely little town, lying in a fertile valley. There, as so often elsewhere in Macedonia, the British name is beloved because the warm heart of Great Britain has yearned from her island home, and British hands have brought relief to this distant recess of the Macedonian hills. For here the Union Jack flies over a little food kitchen, whither we saw the starving children flock.

After Florina we pushed on to Monastir. A gay, rollicking Serbian officer acted as our escort, and he carried us successfully past the frontier. The formidable frontier-guard consented to be photographed with us, and all went as merrily as a wedding bell. No bandits put in an appearance. The Serbian army protected us!

Monastir lies in a basin of the mountains, and is approached from the south by a great, broad valley. Once

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it was a lovely little town, before the scourge of war fell on it. But now it is a mere shell of its former self. As we came nearer to the city it was like approaching some mirage of a beautiful face and finding it a grinning skull. We moved through the streets between broken walls and windowless buildings. It is a place of desolation and ruin.

The peasantry had flocked into the town in all their brilliant Balkan dresses, for it was a holiday. But Monastir — sad Monastir — seemed unmeet for such embroideries. It seemed like a corpse dressed out for a festival. It is really a dead town, ruined by hate and division, caught between the Balkan fires, torn to pieces by conflicting passions, the ghastly victim of rapacious ambitions. Yet in Monastir there is one industry that still flourishes. It is the centre of a Serbian Army Division, and the streets swarm with Serbian soldiers and officers, smart and debonair in their fresh uniforms, proud and dashing in their peaked caps and golden epaulettes. War is not ashamed of her work!

Moving through the shadows of this sad city, we heard in the twilight a long melancholy cry from above us. We looked up and saw the delicate outline of a minaret silhouetted against the sunset sky. From the balcony of the minaret was sounding the cry of the muezzin, calling the faithful to their evening prayer.

Well may Macedonia call to prayer! For indeed in her present woe, ravaged and menaced as she is, there seems nothing for her but to appeal from man to God.

OUR MINUTEST FOES UNMASKED

BY FRANZ SCHIKORA

[*The author of this article is an associate of the bacteriologists who have just isolated and photographed the germ of the foot-and-mouth disease.*]

From *Vossische Zeitung, May 27*
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

Those devastating, infectious, or contagious diseases of men and animals that we call epidemics are not all produced by the same class of germs. Cholera, typhus, leprosy, the plague, glanders, anthrax, and several others are caused by bacteria. They are due to a minute vegetable organism that reproduces by fission. Many skin diseases and certain diseases of the lungs in both men and animals are caused by equally minute filamentary vegetable organisms, like moulds. Another class of diseases affecting animals is due to the presence of a fungoid organism that reproduces through budding, like the yeast plant. Most of the so-called tropical diseases, of which the best known are malarial and tropical fever and the sleeping-sickness, result from the introduction into the system of a primitive, one-celled ani-

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mal, the amœba. Since the epochal discoveries of Koch and Pasteur and their distinguished successors, our knowledge of these tiny organisms and the way to combat them has been marvelously extended.

Nevertheless, some twenty infectious or contagious diseases of epidemic character, afflicting either men or animals, remained, the precise cause of which had not been discovered; although a practically infallible prophylaxis against one of these, smallpox, had been discovered in a purely empirical way long before the modern science of bacteriology was known. These still unmastered diseases included scarlet fever and measles in case of human beings, cattle pneumonia, and the foot-and-mouth disease afflicting all hoofed animals. We were still in the dark regarding these, because no one had ever seen the organism that produced them.

Scientists were confident that such organisms must exist, for these diseases are communicated by infection from sick to healthy persons or animals. The reasons for so presuming were that the producer of the disease could apparently be multiplied, its pathological effect increased by special treatment, and it could be destroyed by temperatures higher than those of the body. Nevertheless, these organisms, if such there were, remained invisible. If the poisonous serum was forced through hard-baked porcelain, where the pores are so minute that they can scarcely be detected by the strongest microscope, — in other words, if it was filtered with the finest filter at our command, a filter that will eliminate every organism actually visible under the microscope from any fluid, — nevertheless the serum retained its infectious quality. On the other hand, until very recently it proved impossible to propagate this serum in ordinary culture media. Scientists for the sake of convenience classified all such disease germs under the general term of ultravisible, filtrable virus.

Two German bacteriologists, Professor Paul Frosch and his associate, Professor Dahmen, have at last successfully invaded this field of hypothetical and unknown vegetable life, and annexed it to the territory of recognized bacteriology, by epoch-making discoveries. Doctor Frosch reasoned that the invisibility of these disease-producers resulted from their extreme minuteness, which prevented our seeing them even with microscopes of the highest power. The layman may not be aware that even a microscope has its limitations. If an object is so small that only a few of the light waves of different lengths which combine to form white light are deflected or interrupted by it when under the microscope, the image that reaches the retina of the observer is indefinite; or if the object is sufficiently minute, no image whatever is produced. Such objects are truly invisible even to the most perfectly aided human eye. Some way must be discovered to make them visible.

It is the very essence of scientific genius to seize upon a procedure developed in some other field of science to serve the purposes of its own specialty. We have this inspiration to thank for many of our most brilliant discoveries.

Doctor Frosch proceeded thus in resorting to a unique microphotographic apparatus designed by Professor Köhler of Jena. The inventor had devised this apparatus in order to utilize the ultra-violet rays, which are invisible to the human eye, to increase the sharpness and definition of the images of certain visible objects. Doctor Frosch's great contribution is to

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apply the same apparatus and procedure to obtaining images of hitherto invisible objects. What he has accomplished here is therefore analogous to the already familiar procedure for recording otherwise invisible astral phenomena, but it was an incomparably more delicate and difficult operation.

The first disease he attacked in this manner was cattle pneumonia, which he and Professor Löffler had studied with some success twenty years before. More recent investigations had resulted in the successful propagation of the germ of this disease in culture media, but the organism itself had never been seen. It manifested its presence as a structureless white cloud or smear, which it was impossible to resolve into constitutent parts. After long and infinitely patient experiment, Doctor Frosch succeeded with the apparatus we have just described in overcoming all the technical difficulties the problem presented and securing definite photograms of the object sought. The producer of cattle pneumonia proved to be an inconceivably minute fungoid structure which could be detected in the lungs of sick animals and combated by the same general methods that are employed in case of diseases caused by larger vegetable pathogenic germs.

After this initial success, Doctor Frosch turned his attention to the foot-and-mouth disease. Its hypothetical germ had never yet been propagated in a dry culture medium, something indispensable for his investigations. This is where Professor Dahmen appears in the picture. That skillful bacteriologist undertook to discover not only a suitable culture medium, but also a method of propagation that would make it possible to grow the organism outside the body and without moisture. Only a specialist can appreciate the difficulty here presented. Happily Doctor Dahmen not only solved the problem perfectly, but made discoveries while doing so that will aid us greatly in fighting this pest. Eventually the identity of the organism that produces the foot-and-mouth disease was established beyond question. It was scarcely distinguishable by any ordinary means even in masses — that is, as a cloud on the culture medium; and its individual colonies, into which great numbers of the germs group, could be seen only with a powerful microscope, for they are no larger than a red blood corpuscle.

To summarize in a sentence the fruit of what would seem to any but the enthusiastic scientists interminably long and patient labor, microphotographs were eventually obtained that revealed the germ of the foot-and-mouth disease as a bacillus — as a little, staff-like vegetable organism reproducing by fission, not more than one ten-thousandth of a millimetre — that is, not more than one 250-thousandth of an inch — in length. One almost gasps with wonder before this victory of science, as he studies a picture of a colony of these enemies of our best animal friends projected on a photographic plate.

Thus the way has been paved to combat this pest successfully by methods of serotherapy. The path of further research has been clearly defined. One of the greatest victories in the field of medical exploration has been won. Furthermore, the term 'ultravisible virus' is already out of date.

We may feel confident that, since this last dark continent of the bacteriological unknown has twice been crossed, its other secrets will soon be revealed to man.

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A PANORAMA OF GERMAN BOOKS

BY HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

From the *Bookman, April*
(London Literary Monthly)

Regarded as a precipitate of modern German literature, the German bookshop, with its astounding plethora of new publications, its revel of highly individualized books, — in form, color, and contents, — presents a vision that is kaleidoscopic and, as a true mirror of the times, chaotic. Yet this welter of color and 'book-art,' these countless self-assertive, challenging new books, units, series, and whole categories, these galleries of art books, these echoes from other lands in the shape of translations — all this reflects only the feverish, uncertain groping for new life, for new truth, for new dispensations. It furnishes an index to the dualism and discord that gnaw at Germany's soul and spirit to-day. Economically the book torrent no longer cascades over the rocks in the rapids of the billionfold paper mark. It now flows swiftly in the even channels of the stabilized gold mark, and the daily 'index-multiplicator' of the Book Exchange has been put aside like some instrument of mediæval torture.

Even to the German — and every German is inured to books far more than to newspapers — the literature of to-day is a jungle rather than a garden. Books are battles or at least battlefields. Books written in a vibrant, nervous new variety of German clamor for a hearing; they show their teeth or their wounds. Books are set ringing like bells, books send forth signals as though with flags or torches to mankind, the Universe, posterity, Eternity! Over it all shimmers the phosphorescent light of a new mysticism, of 'a searching for God,' and through it all goes the pother of fierce, insistent debates with old institutions and old values which still stand gibbering beyond Germany's frontiers as spectral survivors of the age before the war, but which have become or are becoming atavistic here, dethroned by the same implacable realities as confront nation and people themselves. The phenomenon is amazing, the creative spirit it manifests bewildering — this Gothic inwardness and ascension that involves titanic struggles with vast fragments of the classic and academic spirit, or with phantasms of the future.

Man, his *Weltanschauung*, Art as a national and personal factor, find an inspired esoteric life or revival in such books as *Deutsche Kunst und Art*, by E. K. Fischer (Sibyllen Verlag, Dresden), and in the ample and fascinating work compiled by Ludwig Benninghoff — *Geprägte Form* (Minted Form), published by the Hanseatische Verlag, Hamburg. Here all that is characteristic in art, folklore, or literature is given in extracts, in the potential word and picture as 'witnesses of our spiritual creative power.'

This inward-boring or backward- or forward-looking preoccupation with the spirit, with things abstract or superterrestrial, this flight from reality, is visible even in a crisp, skeptic, collected mind like that of Thomas Mann, a mind almost pedantic in its precision of expression, its tortuous searching for the exact word, the luminous

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phrase: Mann, who might in his externals pass for an English M.P. or a youngish major, is lecturing at present upon 'Occult Experiences' — a dreadfully detailed yet poignantly disturbing account of an evening spent at a spiritistic séance at the home of the famous Count Schrenck-Notzing at Munich — Mann's own home. His latest book is the first part of *The Confessions of Adventurer Krüll*, a subtle study in the *juvenilia* of one of the profiteer types of the time — a *tour de force* in psychological presentation. Mann is just completing another book, chiefly in dialogue, — *The Magic Mountain*, — the study of a sick man in the environment of an Alpine sanatorium.

Gerhart Hauptmann, resting on royal laurels in his handsome home at Agnetendorf in the Riesengebirge, has also yielded, though only in fancy, to the perpetual lure that coaxes the German southward. He has recently published in *Die Neue Rundschau* a long, elegiac poem in classic measures, pitched in Capri, and called *Die Blaue Blume*. It is an adroit performance, but despite its forced rapture and jocundity, full of conventional echoes and figures, and covered with a patina of dust — even though it be marble dust. Hauptmann is also being lured to the North, for he is to lecture upon German literature at Petrograd. All the newspapers are full of tributes to Börries von Münchhausen, the ballad-writer, whose fiftieth birthday is approaching. The University of Breslau is to grant him an honorary degree.

Arno Holz, the poet, the great leader of the German naturalist movement of the eighties–nineties, recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, which brought great abundance of honors and gifts upon him. The bleak heavens compact of clouds of paper marks opened, and his by no means uncosy poet's attic in Schöneberg-Berlin was flooded with crates of wine, delicacies, books, specially dedicated portfolios of drawings by artist friends. The municipality itself bestowed upon him a handsome bonus in cash and one of the universities an honorary degree. His finest present, however, was the offer of a publisher to publish his collected works in a superb edition.

The author of *Das Buch der Zeit*, *Die Dafnis-Lieder*, *Die Blechschmiede* (Tin-smithy), *Ignorabimus*, and so forth, sits anchored at his desk like a recluse, filing away at his gigantic world-opus, *Phantasus*, of which many editions have already appeared, each different. This cyclopean poem is written according to Holz's individual verse-forms and arrangements, based upon his aversion to *Metrik* and his passion for *Rhythmik*. The lines, long and short, are all centred upon an axis in exact symmetrical halves, and the huge folio-pages are thus splendored with decorative patterns like those of vases or trees, each line being carefully pasted into place on a narrow strip of paper. Holz, so little known abroad, is indubitably one of the most remarkable poetic individualities of our day. There are many who regard him as a likely candidate for the Nobel Prize for literature.

Walter von Molo, a fertile and turbulent spirit, earth-bound with a warm Whitmanian broadness, yet forever oscillating between the stars, has become one of the most popular of German novelists and dramatists. He is essentially the kind of inspired writer whom the Germans invest with the ennobling name of *Dichter*, whether he work in prose or verse. Von Molo as a writer is full of power and fire. His wonderful mastery of historical matter and characters is shown in the vivid, percussive prose of his national novels — *Fridericus*, *Schiller*, *Luise*, and so

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forth. Two of his latest successes — a romance, *On the Rolling Earth*, and the queer church-steeple play, *Till Lausebums* — pulsate with the tremendous élan, the rude vitality that breaks or submerges the form — the eternally human that glows and sings in the work of this boisterous Gothic genius.

Jacob Wassermann has brought out a new romance in the *Wendekreis* series, published by S. Fischer, — *Ulrike Voytich*, — a tale of a masterful woman, the part she plays as destiny in the lives of all that come within the radius of her demoniac power and will, and the barrenness and bitterness of her end. S. Fischer has also published the long-awaited second volume of the letters of Richard Dehmel, the poet — human and cultural documents of immense pithiness, color, and movement, brilliant coruscations, not only of a great lyric poet but a rare critic and thinker. The book contains the poignant love-letters to his first and second wives.

Rainer Maria Rilke has published a volume of new *Sonnette*, rich ore cast into the bell-like, sombrely serene music that distinguishes the work of this poet. Jacob Winckler, one of the original group of *Haus Nyland* or workmen poets, has published his *Chiliastische Pilgerzug*, a rapture-driven prose narrative full of a symbolism that probes the heart of life, an apostolic pilgrimage of the spirit east, north, south, and west, a work as over-rich and bewildering as a piece of Indian architecture or the inconsequentiality of life itself. Winckler — this rude, Prometheus-like singer of *The Labyrinth of God* — has also given us *Der Tolle Bomberg*, the mock-heroic freaks and escapades of a daredevil nobleman who lived in Westphalia fifty years ago.

Ernst von Wolzogen, one of the older, better-known novelists, has issued a book of intriguing memoirs, *The Story of My Suicides*, — or failures in matrimony, in life, in letters, — a book of gentle, retrospective self-irony. Ernst Toller, the young dramatist of the Revolution, is still pent in the fortress of Niederschönweide, serving the tail end of his five years' sentence for his part in the Communistic revolt in Munich in 1919. His new play, *Hinkebein*, recently produced at Dresden, brought about a riot on the part of nationally minded students, a German counterpart to the riot provoked by French patriots when Georg Kaiser's *The Fire in the Opera House* was recently produced in Paris.

German hospitality to translations is very conspicuous. A book which has created a great stir here is Frank Harris's *Life of Oscar Wilde*, published by S. Fischer and admirably translated by Frau Tony Noah. Another is the autobiography of Henry Ford. The sensational success of this book and the immense *réclame* made for it are evoking their own reaction in a book by a Herr Mencken which has been announced. It bears the title, *Anti-Ford*. Lloyd George's book, *Is It Peace?* has been announced, also the German and Russian editions of Sir George Buchanan's memoirs. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* has been published, *Babbitt* is being translated, as well as books by John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Geoffrey Moss, and so forth.

The prophets have been busy building up the broken world with bricks of books and the millennia they propound. Keyserling, Spengler, Steiner have their imposing followings. A new voice among the prophets and reformers is Rudolf Maria Holzapfel, who in two large and beautiful volumes called *Panideal*, published by Diedrichs, of Jena, points out the path of healing to a sick civilization. Art, society, man — all are overhauled, and all the factors of civilization are restated by means of

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a 'creative soul-analysis.' Another thinker who commands attention by the sheer force and clarity of his message is Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi, whose *Pan-Europa* is of great import in a cultural as well as a political sense. It is in effect a 'hyperethic,' based upon a code of the beautiful and the heroic, upon the factor of courage in life and the harmony that must be its goal and inspiration. A kind of sublimated common-sense lightens in this book. Here at length — and perhaps — is a strip of light that gleams above the limbo of a Europe in ruins — a path to a new synthesis.

General Suchkomlinoff, the former Russian Minister of War, has just published in German a large volume of his reminiscences through the house of Reimar Hobbing, Berlin. Despite the gigantic national, dynastic, and personal tragedy reflected in these pages, Suchkomlinoff maintains a kind of roguish humor. A true Russian, he permits the shadow of blame to fall across his own name at times — a characteristic not very frequent in the writers of political memoirs.

Many new magazines of an artistic and literary nature are beginning to revive or come to birth, such as *Faust*, *Hellweg* (The Lighted Path), *Orplid*, and so forth. *Vers und Prosa*, a little monthly published by Rowohlt, of Berlin, is devoted to all that is strong, fresh, and vital in the work of the younger writers, known and unknown. Germany has a large category of a class of publishers that exists scantily in other lands — the publishers of art books. Large, handsome, lavishly illustrated works are constantly appearing. To mention but a few: the magnificent folio devoted to Fra Angelico, with text by Wilhelm Hausenstein, published by Kurt Wolff, of Munich; *The German Ex-Libris*, *The Gallery of Beauty of King Ludwig*, and *The Hermitage Gallery*, all published by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich. A volume in gold cloth with wonderful color-plates bears the title *Räume und Menschen* (Rooms and the Man). It is devoted to modern German interiors — the cult of color in full blaze, with text by August Trueb, published by the Walter Hädecke Verlag, of Stuttgart, which also issues a brilliant color-book called *Die Tapete* — or 'Wallpapers.' Ernst Wasmuth and Company, Berlin, continue their fascinating series of *Orbis Pictus* books, each devoted to some special field of art, such as Japanese woodcuts or ancient Russian churches, with many illustrations and texts by famous specialists. Klinkhardt and Biermann, of Leipzig, have published many new art books, among them a *History of Spanish Painting*, by August L. Mayer, a very authoritative work.

New editions of Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Fichte, Dante, Balzac, Pushkin, Tolstoi, and other classics are appearing constantly.

The field of German philosophic, scientific, and educational literature is in itself so vast that special treatises would be necessary even to outline it. Books such as William Stern's *Psychology of Early Childhood* are aiming at a complete revolution of the training of the human being. The element of revolt against no longer tenable truths is at work everywhere. Even German science has become audacious, as may be seen in such books as *Rätsel der Tiefe*, by Hans Fischer, in which ice forms the dominant factor in the evolution and devolution of worlds, and in *The Rocket into Space*, by Hermann Oberth, a scientific free-lance who comes with a cool, algebraic-mechanical project for invading the regions beyond the earth's atmosphere — a Wellsian dream worked out in incontrovertible figures.

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SACRIFICE OF THE PASSOVER ON MOUNT GERIZIM

BY DOCTOR WOLFGANG VON WEISL

From *Vossische Zeitung, May* 11
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

As twilight began to purple the barren mesa of Gerizim, the Sacred Mountain, on the evening of the seventeenth of April, an observance began there that has no counterpart elsewhere in the world. It purported to be a festival of joy — and indeed there was dancing and singing the whole night through; but to me it was like a funeral. I seemed to stand at the grave of a people and a religion.

The last of the Samaritans slaughtered their Passover sacrifice upon the summit of the mountain, which their temple at one time crowned. They ate the flesh, they sang, they thanked the Eternal who led their forefathers out of Egypt. Scarcely forty men and boys joined in the prayer, and altogether not more then one hundred and seventy participated directly in the ceremony.

Spectres seemed to dance around the ruddy fire of sacrifice.

Unique indeed is this tiny Samaritan nation — as unique as its history. After the destruction of the kingdom of Israel, the King of Babylon settled strangers in the conquered land. These intermarried with the Israelites who had remained behind, and — remarkably enough — adopted the religion of the latter. When, two centuries later, the Jews returned from Babylonian exile and began to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem, these Samaritans came to the Jews and said: 'Let us build with you: for we seek your God, as ye do; and we do sacrifice unto him.' But the returning exiles, instead of welcoming this unexpected aid, bluntly rejected it, for they considered the Samaritans no longer of pure blood.

Bitterly did the Samaritans avenge this insult. We seem to be reading the history of the modern intrigues against the Balfour Declaration when we recur to the records of that period. The Samaritans hired counselors against the Jews 'to frustrate their purpose, all the days of Cyrus king of Persia, even until the reign of Darius king of Persia.' And the Jews reciprocated in full this hatred, which more than once endangered their very national existence.

Thereupon something still more remarkable occurred — a psychological riddle. Precisely at this time, when the hatred of the Samaritans for the Jews was bitterest, they accepted the Pentateuch as their Holy Scripture, and proclaimed themselves the Defenders of the Law. They erected a temple on Mount Gerizim which, according to the Samaritan belief, is the place appointed for it by Jehovah, and, rejecting all oral tradition, clung inflexibly to the letter of the Law. Fighting the Jews on one side and the Gentiles on the other, they likewise became jealous defenders of the purity of their race.

Centuries passed. Greeks and Romans came, but neither the Jews nor the Samaritans softened their hearts. They remained steadfast enemies. Vespasian defeated the Jews and sacked Jerusalem; and he defeated the Samaritans and slaughtered eleven thousand of their people on Mount Gerizim.

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But even common suffering did not unite the brother peoples.

Jews and Samaritans revolted against the foreign yoke. In the year 628 A.D. Emperor Heraclius II conquered the Holy Land. He massacred the Jews because they had revolted against him, and the Samaritans because they would not accept Christianity. But the few survivors of the Jews and of the Samaritans remained as bitter enemies as ever. Both races had lost their temples, but neither would forget a feud begun at the erection of a temple a thousand years before.

Another ten centuries passed, and other centuries in addition. Many peoples in succession overran the Holy Land: Arabians, Seljuks, Crusaders, Tatars, and Turks in turn ravaged the country. But the little tribe at the foot of Mount Gerizim, though repeatedly decimated by persecution and forced conversions, remained faithful to its Holy Books — the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua — and clung precariously to existence.

Until to-day. Now, just when the Jews are returning to their ancient fatherland to erect there a New Jerusalem, the Samaritans are gradually disappearing. They now number only one hundred and seventy souls, and there is little chance that they will multiply. There are not enough mothers to perpetuate the race. The Samaritans are handsome, upstanding, physically vigorous, and their women are often remarkably beautiful, with magnificent eyes. But the race is worn out. It is no longer prolific. Men remain single because they can find no wives. Samaritan girls are lacking; their Law forbids them to marry Arabian women, and the Jewish rabbis forbid Jewesses to marry them. It is to-day as it was twenty-three centuries ago — the Samaritan is an Israelite, as he claims, but not a Jew.

At Easter the Samaritans go forth from their little quarter in the fanatically Mohammedan city of Nablus to the plateau of Gerizim, and encamp there just beneath the summit of the mountain, where their temple once stood. Men, women, and children thus go forth, pitch their tents on their ancient place of worship, and during the seven days that the festival continues live under the open heavens, in the heart of their former kingdom. On the thirteenth of Nisan, the first month after the spring solstice, just one day before the date observed by the Jews, they slaughter their Passover sacrifice. They kill seven sheep in the twilight, and roast them with hides and entrails on a fire, and they eat the flesh with bitter herbs and unleavened bread.

The oldest sacrifice in history! In the past strangers have occasionally ascended Mount Gerizim on the night of the sacrifice to witness the ceremony. This year, however, they did not come singly or in pairs, but in great parties, completely changing its character. For the first time in the history of the two kindred but hostile peoples, Jews flocked in throngs to the sacrifice of the Samaritans.

Seven auto-trucks brought three or four hundred workingmen from Jerusalem to Nablus; five hundred more came on foot from Haifa through the mountains of Ephraim, and still others from the colonies, even as far as Jaffa. It was an invasion, and in a way a political demonstration, against the Mohammedans of Nablus, whom the Jews regard as their particular enemies to-day.

The men, wrapped in white mantles, formed a circle around the sacrificial animals. The sun was just sinking below the horizon. The Samaritans prayed aloud, stretching their hands out toward the young sheep in the

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middle of the stone corral that is the place of sacrifice. One after another the throats of the lambs were cut, and their blood ran over the stones that formed the altar. Green boughs carpeted the ground. These were kindled and carcasses thrown on them and covered with burning brush. The men continued to pray, erect, forming a compact ring around the fire. Children crouched at their feet, tearing the wool from the singeing pelts. A man kept pouring boiling water over the animals, in order that the wool might come off easier. The blaze flamed high, the smoke was wafted over the circle; the moonlight lay brilliant upon the white cliffs and rocks beyond.

It must have been difficult for the praying men to concentrate their thoughts upon their solemn function, for full fifteen hundred spectators crowded around them on every side. Those behind could not see what was going on, and pushed forward against the others. It was necessary for a chain of policemen to keep the centre of the circle clear. Yet I could see that the visitors themselves caught the contagion of worship. The solemnity of the occasion irresistibly overawed them. These last representatives of a faith handed down from centuries before our present era closed their eyes and chanted like the dervishes, or like the Chasidim themselves. They prayed with their whole bodies; their beards and their long locks waved in the air as they clapped their hands in time with the rhythm of the chant. The latter became more rapid and rose louder — a song of joy and exultation in march time. The words were Arabic, but the melody was not. I could detect Jewish tone-sequences that I had heard in Saloniki, and strange refrains from the Yemen. Ancient affinities with kindred races echoed obscurely through the notes.

The carcasses were hung in succession by the hind feet to a tall wooden post and dressed. The lungs and other organs were carefully inspected; the liver, kidneys, and lungs were laid aside as an offering of honor for the priest. Meanwhile the chanting never ceased. The singers described the flight of Israel from Egypt. Then suddenly all was silent.

A solemn voice rose from one corner of the circle, speaking in Hebrew — the first time, perhaps, in eighteen centuries that this tongue has been heard on Mount Gerizim. The schoolmaster of the Samaritans was addressing the assembled guests. He said that this day an alliance was concluded between Judæa and Ephraim. To be sure, Ephraim is but a name. The nation itself is dead, and the thirty or forty men present that night were hardly capable of making an 'alliance.' But on an occasion like this such terms may be allowed. The speaker requested offerings from the Jews to help rebuild the Samaritan synagogue, because the Samaritans themselves are very poor.

This appeal seemed to me to jar on the occasion. A people may be poor, and a people may perish. It may be great in poverty and in death. But an impoverished people begging alms of its hereditary enemy to pay for a fine funeral is an unworthy end of greatness.

It reminded me of Europe after the war.

At length the sacrifice was over. The slaughtered animals were deposited in a separate enclosure until the feast, which occurs just before midnight. There they were carefully guarded, that no foreigner might disturb them. Should a Jew or a Mohammedan touch anything associated with the sacrifice, the latter would become impure.

Then a sight ensued that has had no precedent on this ancient mountain. The Samaritans received the strangers

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as guests in their tents, selling to the tourists — and at reasonable prices — coffee, tea, beer, soft drinks, and eggs. What the poor Samaritan artisans and petty traders of Nablus earn on this occasion is of great importance to them, yet they manage to preserve the fiction that the Europeans are really guests. They summoned up the little Hebrew they possessed in order to greet the visitors courteously in what they presume to be their native tongue. But I could observe that most of the Jews, especially those from Germany and Czechoslovakia, knew even less than they did of the language. While the wealthier were making purchases in the tents, or contemplating with wondering interest the strange scene around them, the poorer Jewish laborers took things into their own hands. Several hundred young colonists gathered around an itinerant lecturer, who gave a talk upon the history of the Samaritans. Others started singing, and at length, joining hands, began to dance the *horra*, the new Jewish dance of Palestine.

He who has not seen the horra in Palestine does not know what dancing is. The *chaluz* — the colonist — puts his whole soul into it, dances until he is ready to sink to the ground with fatigue, revels in an ecstasy of motion. There is no suggestion of the exotic about the horra, as in the fashionable dances of Europe; indeed, it is rather for men than for women — an expression in rhythmic movement of masculine power and vigor.

One man places his arm around the shoulders of another, and so on until a circle is formed. A simple melody is sung, either by the dancers or by the spectators, and the circle begins to turn with constantly increasing speed. Other men and women join, throwing their cloaks and knapsacks into the middle of the circle, unclasping a pair of linked arms, and joining the swiftly moving ring. Thus the circle grows until it is too large and its movement is retarded. Then it breaks up into two or more smaller circles, and the dancing is renewed. The music of the horra fascinates the chaluz. The moment he hears its monotonous but stirring melody he drops whatever he is doing and hastens to join his singing companions. The words are simple and of no significance; indeed some of the songs have no text, but consist of the repetition of a few meaningless vocals. Yet they have a wild, primitive beauty, and these men dancing upon the moonlit mountain plateau, to the rhythm of their hobnailed boots on the stony ground, are a much finer sight to look upon than a crowded European ballroom.

Midnight approached. The carcasses of the sheep had been long since buried amid the glowing stones of the altar, and covered with earth. Now they were taken out, carved on huge platters, and served to the participants in the sacrifice. The older men sat on stools, their cloaks girdled about their loins, their shoes on their feet, as the Bible bids. When the meat was served, they rose and ate hastily and standing, as the Israelites were commanded to do when they fled from Egypt. Huge biscuits of unleavened bread were distributed, and platters of bitter herbs. The meat was piled on the biscuit, covered with herbs, and eaten, naturally in the Oriental fashion, without plates or knives and forks.

Toward midnight the feast drew to an end. The high priest, a descendant of Aaron, a massive, powerful old man of royal mien, well past his eightieth year, lifted his face and recited a benediction. The worshipers joined in a low voice, thanking the Eternal that He had fed and preserved them until today — them, the last of the Samaritans.

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FIRES THAT BURNED OUT

BY PRINCE V. V. BARIATINSKII

[*The following is an extract from the author's book of reminiscences,* Dogorevshie Ogni, *which is soon to appear.*]

From *Dni, April* 27
(Berlin Conservative-Socialist Russian-Language Daily)

June 1895 — Paris — More than that: my first visit to Paris! Youth and a first visit to Paris! What a host of joyous reminiscences, irrational, but bubbling over with life for life's own sake! Yet, strange though it may seem, my most vivid memory of those days begins with a visit to a cemetery.

The thought of death, and of all that is connected with it, was always near to me, even in my youth. Even in those years I used to find some special, though melancholy, pleasure in visiting churchyards. Now, in my latter years, it is a sort of review of old calling-cards: a relation, an acquaintance, a friend — here and there I read a familiar name on a tablet. In those distant years, however, a visit to a cemetery was, to me, a summary of modern history.

The Montmartre cemetery is not so majestic as Père-Lachaise, but here too many a great figure comes to mind — Heine's among others. I wandered about the place without my Baedeker, trusting to luck. A caretaker, evidently in wait for visitors, stepped toward me.

'Would you like to see the grave of *La dame aux camélias?*'

The grave of La dame aux camélias! And I still a dreaming youth — of course I would!

Stepping with a wary and experienced gait among the alleys of that town of the dead, the caretaker led me to a modest, almost neglected grave with a tablet that read: '*Ci-gît Alphonsine Plessis, née . . . 1823, morte . . . 1846. De Profundis.*' (I don't remember the exact dates.) A wreath of white camelias lay under a glass cover. This roused my interest. Whom could it be from? Who brought it here? Who still thought of her, half a century after she was dead and gone?

The caretaker explained, not without an air of importance: 'M. Dumas brings one each year.'

I had always known that Alexandre Dumas took the subject of his novel — which he later worked over into a less brilliant but more popular play — from his own life, and yet something in the caretaker's words impressed me. I spoke about it at lunch that day to some friends who belonged to literary and artistic circles. Some of them knew Dumas personally, and one lady asked me if I cared to meet him. It may well be imagined that my answer was yes. A telegram was at once sent to Marly-le-Roi, where Dumas lived in his villa. A favorable answer was received that same evening: the famous writer would expect me the following day at three o'clock.

That 'following day' — I remember it well — was a tedious gray and rainy one. I walked through the mud from the station to the gate of Dumas's villa, then over the slippery gravel of the garden path. A servant took my card. A few minutes' waiting. 'Please, sir, this way!'

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Alexandre Dumas met me most amiably at the top of the stairs. A white moustache, which looked as if it had been curled, sparse wavy white hair, a pleasant smile, and not very pleasant light eyes. He was dressed informally, but very elegantly, in the fashion of that day: a velvet house-jacket and lacquered shoes.

'*Charmé, Monsieur* . . .' and so forth.

We stepped into his study, of whose furnishings I remember clearly only one large rug on the wall — blue, with Bourbon lilies, probably a valuable Gobelin.

The conversation naturally turned on Russia, and I felt at once that Dumas did not care for Russians as a race, although his first wife, Naryshkina, had been one. The explanation of this antipathy was very simple, as I soon found out when I asked him whether he had ever been in Russia or hoped to go there.

'Go to Russia? No, I'm too old now for such long journeys. My father used to visit Russia.'

I remembered the overfamous 'shady *kliukva*' and the other nonsense ascribed to Dumas *père*, although in reality he had never written it.

'Once, however, I reached the Russian frontier, but never got any farther.' And in a tone of bewitchingly graceful *causerie* Dumas told me the story of his desperate attempt to penetrate into Russia in pursuit of a woman with whom he became deeply fascinated — not a banal story, though somewhat in the cheap-newspaper spirit, and one that would be admirably fitted to-day for a 'kino-romance,' that last word of modern literature.

'I do not regret the event, however,' he concluded, 'for it was there, in that little frontier town, that I wrote the first chapters of one of my novels, which I based on the incident.'

Some years afterward I talked with Armand Silvestre, the poet, who explained to me that the novel, *La dame aux perles*, was the one based on the episode with the Russian lady. He even told me the name of the prototype, which naturally I find impossible to mention.

From *La dame aux perles* the conversation quite naturally shifted to *La dame aux camélias*, and — strange as it seems — Dumas no longer spoke in the tone of an amiable, jocular, drawing-room conversation. With a touch of dreamy melancholy in his voice, which contradicted his outward appearance and even his inward self, — as far as I could guess it from the preceding conversation, — Dumas told me some memories of his first youthful passion.

It seems that Jules Janecq, in his preface to *La dame aux camélias*, has drawn a very true portrait of the 'Duchess Marie du Plessis,' the assumed name under which Alphonsine Plessis, during her short lifetime, charmed all Paris with her elegance and her noble spirit.

'*Elle était si bonne, si douce, si distinguée*,' said Dumas, pointing to a large portrait — I fail to remember now whether it was an oil painting or a pastel — of the woman whom he made famous and who made him famous.

The sad story of La dame aux camélias — not as it is in the play but as it was originally told in the novel — was taken entirely from the life of Alexandre Dumas *fils*. Armand Duval is Alexandre Dumas.

'I gave my hero the initials of my own name, but I did not want to emphasize the identity any more, and therefore I deprived Armand of personality. He is the weakest-drawn character in the novel.'

This, however, was not true, for Armand Duval is a very vivid character-

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study. Probably Alexandre Dumas, speaking of the 'weakest' character in the novel, was somewhat affected.

'The only detail — although, it seems, an important one — that is not true to life,' he said, 'is the camelias.'

As he said this, Dumas smiled — his only smile during his story of La dame aux camélias.

'The camelia was the flower she most disliked, because of its lack of fragrance. When, still under the impression of the emotions that she stirred, I wrote the novel, I employed this detail for some reason or other, but turned it quite around. It really should have been something more characteristic.'

He added after a short silence: 'In this portrait she has a camelia pinned to her corsage. The portrait was painted while she was still living, but the flower was added later, when Alphonsine Plessis, after her death, had become Marguerite Gautier, and Alexandre Dumas — Armand Duval.'

Here our talk was interrupted. A friend of Dumas, a well-known surgeon, — if I am not mistaken his name was Reyer, — came in unannounced, and a general conversation began. One of the fashionable topics of the day was the marriage of a world-famous singer with a French countess who before her marriage bore an ancient aristocratic name. For some reason or other — later I heard that Dumas himself was not quite indifferent to the countess in question — he energetically objected to the marriage. A curious sentence of his stayed in my memory: '*Un aristocrate peut épouser une cabotine, mais une aristocrate ne peut pas épouser un cabotin.*' (A man of the aristocracy may marry an actress, but a woman of the aristocracy should not marry an actor.)

Then, too, I remember literatim his interesting appreciation of philosophy in general, which he expressed after his friend had warmly eulogized some contemporary philosopher.

'Generally speaking,' Dumas said, crossing his legs and leaning back comfortably, 'all philosophy is fiddlesticks.'

Naturally such an opinion produced emphatic objections. May I be forgiven, for reproducing it, by the spirit of the only human philosopher I knew — Vladimir Sergeevich Soloviev!

Dumas, however, insisted on illustrating his paradoxical statement with an anecdote: —

'I used to be on very friendly terms with a famous philosopher.' (He gave a name which I, unfortunately, do not remember.) 'When my friend was on his deathbed he said: "*Nous étions deux à comprendre la philosophie, le bon Dieu et moi. Maintenant il ne restera que le bon Dieu.*" (There were two of us who really understood philosophy: the Lord and I. Now there is only the Lord.)'

The surgeon and I laughed, and Dumas added with comic earnestness: '*Et il compromettait Dieu en disant cela!* (And he compromised the Lord when he said it!)'

This was my first, and unfortunately my last, meeting with Dumas. As I took leave of him, he very amiably presented me with a copy of his *L'Ami des femmes*, which at that time was being performed at the Comédie Française. I run the risk of being quite out of date if I recall here his inscription — banal, yet dear to me — on the inside cover: '*Souvenir affectueux de l'auteur.*' The book remained in Petrograd, in my library, and *L'Ami des femmes* is now in possession of the *ennemis des hommes* who will appreciate neither the fascinating humor of the book nor my own love of things past.

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CHEREPICH'S AGED MONK

BY LILLY CLAUDY

From *Neue Freie Presse, May* 22
(Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily)

We talk much nowadays about growing old — about the how, when, and why of a phenomenon that everyone recognizes in theory and as affecting other people, and overlooks as applying to himself. This is particularly true of women. Are there to-day any old women? Mark, I do not say elderly ladies. I mean grandmothers such as we see in picture books, with lace caps on their thin white hair, and gowns that are eternally in style because they transcend all passing fashions. Do we ever see these dear old ladies, with their self-effacing, kindly smiles, in modern society? I look around me and I see only ladies who have married daughters and grandchildren, but none who fits the traditional idea of 'old.'

But I have personally decided that when my time comes I will be an undisguised and self-confessed old lady. For since I visited Cherepich Cloister and called on its venerable monk, more than a century old, I know that age has its beauty — an inner beauty, a physical reflection of that joy of the spirit that we call bliss.

We were making a little excursion from Sofia. The Austrian attaché and his pretty young wife, the mayor of the city, and a few other dignitaries were putting themselves out to show honor to our Viennese party returning from Constantinople. We took the Bulgarian Central Railway, which runs from Sofia through Plevna, Schumla, and Varna, to a destination which was strange to me, but lay somewhere beyond in the unknown landscape. On the right and left extended flat, fertile farmlands, endless fields and meadows, whose shimmering surface rippled in the summer wind. Every vista from the car window was submerged in a sea of green stalks and golden ears, interrupted at rare intervals by a low gabled cottage, a ruminating cow, or a little company of goats and thick-wooled sheep grazing together in tolerant comradeship.

Little by little the scenery began to change. Hills rose from the plain in gentle, billowy contours that gradually grew loftier and more impressive. Red sandstone cliffs, broken by deep valleys and verdure-embowered cañons, interrupted our line of vision. Presently we came to where the Iskr River breaks through an old volcanic formation between imposing cliffs of diorite and porphyry. The Balkans — with their stern, slightly melancholy, dreamily savage beauty!

Suddenly the train stopped. A station? No, merely a little unimposing siding where a narrow road wound through the neighboring meadow to a great cloister straggling over emerald fields. The group of ancient buildings resembled an aged beggar kneeling in mute reverence before the table of his master, so humbly did its gray and weathered structures seem to bow before the stone altar of the silent Balkans. I can no longer recall the architectural details; I only remember venerable gray walls, monastic simplicity, and wonderful, profound peace brooding over everything.

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It was not always thus. Old chronicles tell of bloody conspiracies, whose threads once centred in this seat of seclusion and repose, of Bulgarian revolts hatched here, of burnings and massacres and Turkish cruelties. But the old cloister always rose again like a phœnix from its ashes, triumphing over error and transitory vicissitudes. Now it harbored a miracle in its bosom — a miracle so rare that it recalled the legends of the Bible. This miracle of Cherepich Cloister was its aged monk.

That venerable old man, at the time I saw him, was one hundred and fifteen years old. If you asked him his age he would say about a hundred. He did not care or was not able to give his tale of years more precisely. For him one day was like another. His brother monks kept the record in his place, and it was well known in the whole vicinity.

Pious pilgrims came from the neighborhood and even from remote regions to beg the old man's blessing, for these good people believed that one so rarely favored by fate must be of the elect, specially chosen of God.

I had, I must confess, keen curiosity to see what this centenarian would look like. A fossil? An alruna? A mummy? In truth, none of these.

We were conducted to a little chamber on the first floor, modestly — almost meagrely — furnished, in the middle of which the old monk sat in a rude, peasant's chair. He wore a wrinkled black cloak of his order, and on his head a high, dark, priestly cap. His hands lay quietly in his lap. People were standing or kneeling around him, speaking to him or stroking his withered fingers with timid, reverent, caressing gestures.

The old monk sat motionless. His face was serious and placid, like the surface of a quiet, dreaming, woodland lake. The experiences of a long, long human life were engraved in the deep wrinkles that furrowed his high, broad forehead and twinkled around his smiling mouth. He answered questions in a low, kindly, calm voice. The dignity of his marvelous age and the reverent awe of his visitors made the barren cell seem like a chapel.

'Marvelous,' whispered someone, half aloud. 'He would not be taken to be more than seventy or at the most eighty.' The speaker did not stop to think how small a fraction a decade more or less adds to an age like this. Another visitor observed: 'Apparently after a person passes ninety his appearance changes very little.'

I pondered silently to myself that possibly after ninety we reach an age where the burdens of life cease to be felt. In any case, the old monk looked as if there was not an inch left on the brownish-yellow parchment of his face to record further runes of fate. It seemed as if his soul was asleep with open eyes staring into dreamland.

Since the aged monk in his quiet self-communion was not a very sensational figure, most of his visitors soon left, after receiving his formal blessing. They departed down the corridor, talking in subdued voices, to visit the other things of interest in the cloister, or to spend the beautiful afternoon in the open air.

Thus I suddenly discovered that I was alone with the old monk in his almost unfurnished, whitewashed chamber. He seemed hardly conscious of those about him — no more aware of them than is a boulder on the beach aware of the playful wavelets that lap its feet.

Now, however, he opened wide his big dark eyes and contemplated me with a clear, calm gaze. Accustomed as he was to being questioned by old and young alike, he was evidently sur-

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prised at my silence. 'Have you nothing to ask?'

For a moment I had the uncomfortable feeling of a schoolgirl who does not know her lesson. But I braced up and replied, a trifle defiantly: 'Of course, sir. I should like to know if it is a blessing — if we should wish to live as you have, to be more than a hundred?'

'The world is beautiful,' said the old man, with a quaver of gratitude and warmth in his voice. 'I love it and rejoice in its beauty.'

'Is not the burden of your age sometimes almost unendurably heavy?'

'I am well, and thank God for it morning and night.'

'Of course, that goes without saying. I mean one's feet become weary and one's hands weak. You sit here in your cell. Outside is motion, life, joy.'

The old man smiled. 'As long as the fingers are nimble and the feet are restless man has too little time to think. Not until his limbs are heavy and weary does he stay at home and find in solitude — himself. There are so many hours, quiet hours, that are filled with bliss.'

I felt abashed, but an impulse of contradiction spurred me to ask: 'Is your hearing so keen that you have nothing to wish in that respect?'

'Aye, indeed,' said the old man, with a sigh, 'it is a long time since I have heard the church bells of Ljutibrod, even when the wind does not carry their sound away into the mountains. Neither do I hear any more the tinkling of the goats' bells in the distance when they are driven in from the pasture of an evening. And I miss that. Yet I cannot complain of my hearing. So many evil and ugly things are spoken in the world that God well knows it is not all loss if we do not hear everything. And then, please understand me — young ears hear what goes on outside; old ears hear what goes on inside. The longer they listen the keener they are for that.'

'And your eyes?' I asked, in an almost timid voice.

Slowly the old man lifted his hand and pointed to the open window, through which a flood of sunlight streamed into the otherwise cheerless room. The golden clarity of late summer hovered over the sharply defined declivities of the Balkans and the lonely solitudes of their remote valleys. An eagle, beating his wings with leisurely majesty, rose from a rocky pinnacle, then, soaring higher and higher in an ascending spiral, at length vanished in the light-filled ether.

'My eyes are good,' said the old monk, 'for they see the soft blue of the sky, the coursing clouds, the mountains of my childhood, and the eagles circling over their summits. Ought I to wish to see the death quiver of the poor victims the bird of prey clutches in his bloody talons as he stoops to his lofty nest? Or the bullet that mercilessly strikes him down from his craggy heights? It is well to see, but better not to see all. It is best to see only what is good.'

The aged monk beckoned to me, and a cheerful radiance suffused his wrinkled countenance. Was it a reflection of the sunshine that shimmered warm and vibrant on the worn flagstones of the floor? Or a beam of light from the hoarded soul-treasures of a century of pious meditation? I do not know. I only know that, obeying a sudden impulse, I bowed and pressed my lips to his cool, tired hand. As I did so, I heard the voices of people approaching and speaking my name. As I left the room I turned for a moment on the threshold and glanced back. The old monk sat in the same position as when I entered — motionless, wrapped in self-communion, his hands

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lying quietly in his lap. He smiled and his eyes followed me, though I am sure without seeing me.

The whistle of a locomotive broke the stillness. I was back in the world, the world of every day.

'What in the name of all that is holy kept you so long with that miraculous old man?' asked my seat companion on the train, a tawny, honest fellow from Sofia. 'You don't speak, so far as I know, a single word of Bulgarian, and he does n't understand a word of any other language.'

I started, and a queer thrill gripped my heart. 'What did you say? He speaks no other language, the old monk?'

'No, my young friend.'

And our questions and answers? What I had learned of his victory over the illusions of the world, his philosophy of life and old age? Had I merely dreamed it?

Not at all. To-day I understand. There is a channel of communication that requires no words. Thus had I communed with the old monk of Cherepich — without the aid of a common tongue or an interpreter.

He must have passed from this life long ago — that venerable monk. But the imperishable legacy he bequeathed me that hour in his cloister cell I treasure still — the life lesson that the vision of his hundred and fifteen years taught me: that to grow old with profit is the fairest flower of wisdom, and ripens into the sweetest fruit of human life.

THE WEDDING MARCH

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, May* 10
(London Popular Journal)

Now I am going to tell you a good story. Many years ago a great wedding was to take place in the parish of Svartsjo, in Värmland. It was going to be a church wedding, followed by three days of feasting, and there would be dancing every day from early morning until late into the night.

As there was to be so much dancing, it was most important to have a good musician, and Nils Elofsson, who was giving the wedding, took more trouble over this point than over anything else connected with the party. He did not wish to have the musician who lived in Svartsjo, by name of Jan Oster, although he was considered the best in the district, because he was so poor and might perhaps have to come to the wedding in ragged clothes and no shoes.

Such a beggar the bailiff would not have leading the wedding procession.

At last he decided to send a message to a man in Jossehernd, who was known familiarly as Fiddler Martin, and ask him to play at the feast. But Fiddler Martin would not agree to come; for had they not in their own parish the best musician in the whole of Värmland?

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And as long as Jan Oster was alive there was no need to send for anyone else.

When Nils Elofsson got this answer he thought it over for a day or two, and then sent a message to a musician who lived in Great Rils parish, and was called Olli of Saby, to ask him if he would come and play at his daughter's wedding.

But Olli of Saby answered the same as Fiddler Martin: he sent his compliments to Nils Elofsson, but as long as there was such a wonderful musician in Svartsjo as Jan Oster, he would not come and play.

Nils Elofsson was not pleased that the musicians tried to force him to take a fiddler he did not care for, so he considered it a matter of great importance to find another player.

A few days after he had received Olli's answer he sent a message to Lars Larsson, who lived at Angsgard, in the Ulleried parish. Lars was a well-to-do man who owned his own farm, and he was clever and discreet, and not so hot-headed as the other musicians.

But, just like the others, he immediately thought of Jan Oster, and asked how it was that he was not going to play at the wedding.

Nils Elofsson's messenger thought it wiser to say that as Jan Oster lived in the parish he was too well known, and as Nils Elofsson was giving a great wedding he would rather have a new musician to play.

'I doubt if he can get anyone better,' replied Lars Larsson.

'Now you are certainly going to give me the same answer as Fiddler Martin and Olli of Saby,' said the messenger, and told him how it had gone with them.

Lars Larsson listened attentively to the man's story, then sat still a long while and thought it over. At last he answered: 'Greet thy master and thank him for his invitation, and I will come.'

Next Sunday Lars Larsson went to Svartsjo Church and swung up the hill just as the bridal procession was starting.

He drove in his own gig with a good horse in front of him, and wore his best black suit and had his violin in a highly polished case. Nils Elofsson was most impressed and considered him a musician to be proud of.

Directly after Lars Larsson arrived, Jan Oster came up to the church with his violin under his arm, and joined the crowd that stood around the bride, just as if he had been ordered to play at the wedding.

Jan Oster had on his old frieze coat that had seen service under many masters, but his wife, in honor of the wedding, had tried to mend the holes in his elbows and had put in large green patches. He was a tall, handsome man, and would have looked well leading the wedding procession if only he had not been so ragged or his face had not been disfigured by lines of misery and anxiety caused through worry and ill-luck.

When Lars Larsson saw Jan Oster arrive he was very annoyed. 'So you also sent a message to this man,' he whispered to the bailiff. 'It may spoil everything to have two musicians at such a great wedding.'

'I did not ask him,' Nils Elofsson assured him, 'and I cannot understand why he has come. Wait a minute, while I tell him that he is not wanted here.'

'So it must be another fool who has invited him,' replied Lars Larsson; 'but if you will take my advice, don't say anything, but go and welcome him; he is said to be quick-tempered, and who knows that he will not fight and quarrel if you tell him that he is not wanted.'

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The bailiff also thought it was hardly the time for quarreling now that the bridal procession was getting into line on the hill by the church. He therefore went across to Jan Oster and bade him welcome.

Then the bridal pair stepped under the canopy, and the bridesmaids and guests walked two and two, followed by the parents and relations, so that the procession was both long and stately.

When everything was ready, one of the guests went up to the musicians and told them to begin the Wedding March.

Both musicians put their violins under their chins, but got no further than that, only waited. It is an old custom in Svartsjo that the best musician always leads the music. The guests looked at Lars Larsson, thinking that he would begin the Wedding March, but he looked at Jan Oster and said: 'It is for Jan Oster to begin.'

Now Jan Oster thought that the fiddler who was dressed like a fine gentleman must naturally be a better musician than he who had come from his poor home in ragged clothes, so he only replied: 'No, certainly not, certainly not.'

Then he saw the bridegroom stretch out and nudge Lars Larsson, saying: 'You must begin.'

When Jan Oster heard the bridegroom say this, he put his violin down and drew to one side.

But Lars Larsson did not move; he remained there quiet and unconcerned, neither did he touch his bow. 'It is Jan Oster who must lead the music,' he said, speaking in a stubborn, firm voice as if he was accustomed to being obeyed.

The procession now began to grow restless with the delay, and the father of the bridegroom went up to Lars Larsson and ordered him to begin, while the verger came out of the church and made signs to them to hurry as the priest was already waiting at the altar.

'Well, you had better order Jan Oster to play,' answered Lars Larsson. 'We musicians consider him the best in the district.'

'That may be,' was the reply, 'but we farmers consider Lars Larsson to be the best.'

The other farmers gathered round. 'Only begin,' they urged. 'The priest is waiting and you are making a fool of us before the whole parish.'

But Lars Larsson remained just as obstinate and firm as before. 'I cannot understand that the parish does not realize what a musician it possesses.'

Nils Elofsson was furious to think that his hand was being forced, and going across to Lars Larsson whispered: 'Now I understand that it must have been you who sent for Jan Oster, and did this to make a fool of him. Now begin or else I will have you beaten.'

Lars Larsson looked him straight in the eye and intimated that he need not lose his temper on such a day, and finished up by saying: 'Yes, you are right, we must put a stop to this.'

He beckoned to Jan Oster to return to his place, and went a pace in front of him and waited a moment to make sure that all could see him; then, throwing his bow away from him, he took out his clasp knife and cut all the four violin strings across so that they snapped with a loud noise.

'It shall never be said that I thought myself a better musician than Jan Oster,' he said.

Now it so happened that Jan Oster had been dreaming about a melody for the last three years, though he had never been able to play it, because whenever he had gone home full of inspiration some household worry or

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misfortune had always diverted his thoughts.

But when he heard Lars Larsson's violin strings snap, he threw his head back, drew in his breath, and his expression was such as if he were listening to some music that drew him far away. Then he began to play, because the melody he had dreamed of for three years now became a reality to him, and as the music rang out he walked proudly toward the church.

And never had the bridal procession heard such a wonderful melody; it moved them so much that not even Nils Elofsson could remain morose.

D'ANNUNZIO, A PRINCE AT SIXTY

BY KARL FEDERN

From *Vossische Zeitung, Ma ch* 17
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

WHEN d'Annunzio was still a mere gymnasium student, the precocious gifts of the handsome fair-haired boy were already attracting attention. In 1879 his first poems appeared in Chieti, the capital of the province, and the sweetness and strength of the language, the vigor of expression and the easy mastery of the verse, together with the unrestrained and overflowing sensuality that filled them, caught the public fancy and made him at fifteen a much discussed and successful poet. One work followed close upon another — verses whose art was invariably perfect and whose eroticism was quite as unvarying; poems expressing all the Southern joy in life and sensual pleasure, though not without that dark and tragic overtone that sounds about the fate of every Tannhäuser, old or new. Between the poems came long stories and short ones, in the broad tones or strong colors of the naturalistic epoch, depicting a life of almost animal sensuality, fanatic passions, glory and despair, in the most various levels of South European society.

By the time he had attained twenty-one, d'Annunzio could already point to eleven books, among them two novels, *Il Piacere* and *L'Innocente*, books full of verbal magnificence, glorious color, and passionate feeling. Neither was there any falling-off in his creative powers as his life began to broaden and his thirst for action and his natural faith began to lead him into new fields, even though many of his works by no means equaled the heights that he had earlier attained. An overmastering temperament lodged in his weak little body, and with it dwelt an astounding capacity for work, to which was added the excessive facility of his gift for language. The critics lauded him and fought for him. All the philistines, all the serious people, were wroth against him. Young poets and artists were inspired by him. Everyone talked about him.

Social success of every kind fell to the lot of one who had achieved fame so early. Women flocked to him and snatched him from each other's hands. He reveled in all the pleasures and re-

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finements of culture and in all the pleasures of the mind and the senses. He read as insatiably as he wrote and lived. He absorbed so much, received so many ideas, that the superfluity of what he had not always sufficiently digested and the material that had not been completely melted down into his own personality can be recognized bubbling out again in his later novels. He was a tireless writer, hunter, and fighter, yet clever enough to share the life of his own time. From stormy scenes of pleasure he would emerge to bury himself in deepest seclusion for creative work, sitting eighteen hours a day at his writing-table, and yet going off for several months every year to steel his body in the wholesome pleasures of country life, hunting, and sport.

He got himself elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and with that gift of his — half journalistic cleverness and half the naïve rhetoric natural to him — announced that he would 'introduce beauty into Parliament.' He was not able to do a great deal on beauty's behalf after all, but he took part in one stormy sitting of the Chamber — it was at the time of the Socialist struggles after the uprising of 1898 — when he suddenly left the bourgeois minority, to which he had previously belonged, to go over to the revolutionary Left with the demonstrative and rhetorical declaration that he was 'leaving the dead to join the living.'

At the same time his works were reaching the stage; but genuine drama, the indispensable strength in construction, swiftness in treatment, and continual clash of antithetic forces which the stage demands, were beyond him. Yet he would produce wonderful lyric plays of piercing observation, presenting pictures of the Middle Ages or Italian country-life drawn with great power — productions which, to most of us, were extremely strange, yet which, thanks to their dazzling performance, often met with great success.

I remember attending the first performance of *La Gioconda* in Rome in 1899 and the storm of applause which swept over the house — Ermete Zacconi and Eleonora Duse were playing the principal rôles; and I remember how I made my acquaintance with the poet, to whom I brought letters of introduction from common friends, after the performance in the Café Aragno. He invited me then to visit him at his villa at Settignano. He had a charming and winning personality and an extraordinarily gentle appearance. The blond locks had disappeared, his head was completely bald; but the man seemed to live ten lives at once. In a few months he had written his novel, *Fuoco*, from end to end, composed some of his most beautiful hymns, conducted at the same time his campaign for reëlection, delivered speeches, fought two political duels, and broken in a young colt which once threw him so badly on a mountain road that he had to be carried home — not to mention his love affairs. Everything about his life was like a novel.

When I went to Settignano a week later I found the Villa Capponcina closed and the boy who showed me the way said in his Tuscan dialect: —

'The Master is not here. A plague has broken out, and the Master's chamberlain, as well as the wife and child of the gardener, has died. The Master's dog has died, too, and been buried in the garden, and the Master has hurried off to Paris.'

D'Annunzio was very young when he married Donna Maria Galesse, the daughter of the Duke of Galesse. Much that is dark and scandalous is told about this marriage, but I pass it over here, for who can tell how much is true and how much is false? Everyone can recognize in d'Annunzio's works the

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traces of a stormy life. Everyone knows his reputation. The vapors of a mad eroticism play about him. Everyone knows what famous lady, whose identity is easily guessed, was the heroine of the novel, *Fuoco*. The experience was deeply tragic for her, although the book has erected such a monument to her as scarcely any other actress has ever had. D'Annunzio has been reproached for his reckless selfishness. It was not merely the selfishness of the artist who sacrifices everything — himself, his friends, his property and theirs — to his work. For the requirements of elegance, for the refinements of his life of pleasure, the profits of a successful writer were not enough. His financial situation was serious and at times disquieting. Friends who supplied his needs complained bitterly that he used them up. Much seems never to have been declared. At any rate, the Villa Capponcina, with all its artistic treasures, was sold at auction, and d'Annunzio, leaving Italy, went to dwell in Paris, — in an exile which was doubtless quite endurable, — until suddenly, in 1915, he strode in arms upon the stage of the world.

How much of d'Annunzio's stormy nationalism was deep and honest feeling for the Latin languages, races, and culture, how much was mere intoxication with words and rhetoric, is doubly hard to make out, because of the nature of the man, who is quite as much littérateur and comedian as he is patriot and soldier. His fourteen-day campaign with endless special dispatches to all the newspapers about every halting-place, every hotel, every bed in which he slept, about his auto and his uniform, his laughter, and the orations in which he described his iron head and unshaken heart, was pure grotesque. Kisses, embraces, big words, are a favorite form of publicity in Italy, but at this particular time too much conviction of his own importance seems to have confused his taste.

In the war he made his mark and lost his eye. Madcap courage, determination, and skill no one can deny him. His undertaking against Fiume, in which he gave fresh proof of these qualities, led Italy into the negotiations which led to the Treaty of Rapallo and doubtless placed her in a favorable position. But he did not overlook his own position. Major d'Annunzio announced the annexation of Fiume, declared the Italian ministers and generals were traitors, led his troops to disaster, and the adventure ended, after numerous declarations and tragi-comic theatricality, with a short outbreak of fighting in the city and useless bloodshed. It was a clever stroke, carried through with magnificent proclamations but without political insight. The heroic literary rôle which d'Annunzio played in his own imagination, and before the eyes of the world, exceeded the realities of the case. D'Annunzio, who had sworn to die, returned peacefully to Italy under the wise management of Giolitti. Since the victory of Fascism, he has retreated into the background behind the overshadowing personality of Mussolini.

His is a flamboyant and questionable attitude in politics and in life, not without a tinge of the ridiculous and not without a tinge of greatness, either — a strange mixture of enthusiasm and selfishness, of manhood and rhetoric, a heroic comedian who may be able to cast a magic spell but who is nevertheless more actor than hero. Purity is lacking in the man and in his purpose. Even his countrymen feel this, and it affects their pride in him, for with all their admiration a slight feeling of shame is mingled. Yet he was, in his best period, beyond question a great lyric poet and one of the greatest Italians.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

QUEENS IN TIR-NA-N'OG

BY PAUL GREGAN

[*Irish Statesman*]

Not in some moon-cold underworld of woe
  Where shrinking ghosts of long-dead lovers groan,
Where never noon nor morning makes a glow
  To light grim Pluto on his murky throne:
But on an island of the Western deep —
  Its yellow beaches flecked with milky spray
Of oceans foaming as they turn in sleep —
  'Midst changing beauties of the night and day,
And memories of dear and distant scenes,
  They reign, the glory of our epic tale,
Those unforgotten, proud, and gracious queens,
  The loved and lovely women of the Gael.

Deirdre is dead, but in her isle of dream
  The hills of Alba rise, its streams run cold;
The horn of Naisi hails the morning beam,
  His sleeping heart upholds her head of gold;
Emer has won her hero back, her name
  With his and Fame's shall be forever twined;
And Maeve, whose heart was a red battle-flame,
  Hears shouts of Erin's wars upon the wind,
Time folds them close with timeless dreams, his wings
  Flutter no more about each lovely ghost;
They shall dream on, until the trumpet rings
  The last reveille for the Irish host.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'TAY-PAY'

POETIC justice has at last overtaken Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, better known to the last two or three generations of Parliament as 'T. P.' or, to be strictly accurate, 'Tay-Pay.' T. P. is father of the House of Commons, a position which is so nearly official that, although he belongs to no party and has no parliamentary rank beyond that of a private member, he joined the four party leaders in paying tribute to the memory of Mr. Bonar Law on the opening of the House last December.

He was first elected to the House in 1880, long before many prominent members of the present day had been born. In 1885 he had the unique distinction of being returned for two constituencies at the same time. He chose the Scottish division of Liverpool, which is not Scottish at all, but extremely Irish; and, firmly entrenched in the hearts of his constituents, he has laughed at opposition for nearly forty years.

He is said to have observed more distinguished men than anyone else in English political life, and all that time he has been the chiel amang them takin' notes. Not content with taking notes, he has been working them up into scores of biographical and personal articles, until at last the indefatigable and always delightful scribbler himself becomes the subject of an article. The Earl of Birkenhead, long prominent in British politics as plain F. E. Smith, who has been contributing a series of sketches to the *Sunday Times* under the heading, 'Men of the Hour,' has finally reached T. P., and the redoubtable Irishman who has served up so many of his contemporaries in the newspapers has a chance to see how it feels. Lord Birkenhead, who can be merciless enough in some of his articles, treats this subject with the utmost good-nature — for good-nature toward T. P. is a British tradition.

It has frequently been said of Mr. T. P. O'Connor that he is insincere. I do not in the least share this view. I think that he is so good-natured that in conversation he always finds it easier to agree than to disagree, and this tendency, innocent in origin as it is, has sometimes misled those who have founded themselves upon verbal arrangements with him; but of insincerity in any real sense I find no trace in a very consistent career.

He never varied in his support of the Nationalist Party. Although he has been for fifty years, in his residence, in his employments, and in his habits, an Englishman, he never adopted the simple and profitable course of saying, 'I have become an English Liberal, and intend to take a part in politics as a member of this rich and powerful party.' Had he been willing to do so, he could have occupied some of the highest offices in the State. Great distinctions and honors would have been within his reach. I doubt whether he ever considered this temptation; if he did, he never yielded to it. He remains to-day plain Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and his only titular distinction is that he is the oldest, and one of the most respected, members of the House of Commons.

As we take leave of him we may recall almost with affection the confidential conversational manner, which is so attractive, if only because it holds out the promise of indiscretion; the Dublin brogue; the slight garrulousness of anecdote; and the snuff-soiled waistcoat, of this Veteran of the Pen, and we place — as we ought to place — the tribute upon record, that the instrument by which he lived was never steeped in venom; that it was ever, on the contrary, employed in illustrating what was good —

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in avoiding what was bad — in that human nature which has been the subject of a long life-study.

The Labor Government recently made Mr. O'Connor a Privy Councilor after he had, according to report, declined a peerage.

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THE VALUE OF PARIS

No real estimate of how much Paris is worth has been made since the time of Henri IV, who thought it 'worth a Mass.' Now the Municipality, having finished a two years' inventory of its possessions, announces its total assets as 3,840,500,000 francs. Among the property valued are the Hôtel de Ville, at 31,806,000, the Petit Palais, at 15,000,000, and Les Halles at 50,770,000.

It is rather discouraging to find that the debts of the Ville Lumière exceed its assets by more than a billion. The City of Paris owes five billion francs. The inventories of its assets, however, are often based on the purchase price or original cost of the buildings, many of which have doubled and tripled in value. The interest of the inventory is primarily historical, as no one suggests that the city should sell any of its possessions, not even the most salable, among which are its articles of furniture and art treasures, worth 320,000,000 francs.

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A MEMORIAL TO REMY DE GOURMONT

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet has been placed on the house in the rue des Saints-Pères which was formerly the home of Remy de Gourmont. This is not the only memorial to the most famous — at least beyond the frontiers of his own country — of modern French critics. There is a monument to him at Coutances, where he was born, and besides the bronze of his tablet and the marble of his monument there is a third memorial which would probably please the critic more — a little review exclusively devoted to himself, his ideas, and his works. Another periodical, *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, devoted a whole number to him — after the agreeable French fashion — on the occasion of the memorial tablet's dedication. It is now proposed to establish a Gourmont Club, in imitation of the Stendhal Club, of which Gourmont himself was once elected president — rather inappropriately, seeing that he was not an especial admirer of the author thus honored.

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LORD GREY ON THE PLEASURES OF READING

IN an address on 'The Pleasures of Reading,' delivered to the members of the Royal Society of Literature, Viscount Grey criticized a number of modern devices which he finds exceedingly unfavorable to the cultivation of the reading habit. Among these, he enumerated the motor-car, the telephone, wireless, and the picture papers — which last he thought especially bad because they lessen not only reading but also thought. Going back over ground which he covered in America when he addressed Harvard students some years ago, Lord Grey made suggestions as to planning one's reading. Chief among his suggestions was the thought that one should always have in mind three or four books to be read. (It would be interesting to know how Lord Grey contrives to keep the number so low.)

He described how, after eleven years in office, he had retired for quietness to the country, where he reread Shakespeare's plays. The impression produced was of such incredible power that he felt almost afraid to be alone in the room with the playwright, as if he

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were with something supernatural. He placed Jane Austen among the greatest novel-writers, partly because she achieved such astonishing results while working under the closest limitations.

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RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN CHINA

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S visit to China suggests the possibility of a Pan-Asiatic awakening. Not a politico-militaristic movement, — the last thing in the world that the peaceful Bengali would desire, — but an aroused sense of intellectual kinship. Bertrand Russell's visit exercised a powerful effect upon certain classes in China, and John Dewey's influence, though it has been said not to be so great in direct consequences, may ultimately mean even more than Mr. Russell's; but both these men, though they came with open and sympathetic minds, were merely Westerners, and Westerners at an age when the mind, no matter how carefully trained, is not so apt for new impressions.

Tagore, though no longer a young man himself, is Oriental. The civilization of China is foreign to him, but not so foreign as to an Englishman or an American. He can speak to Orientals as one of themselves, and at the Temple of Agriculture in Peking this is what he said: —

You are glad that I have come to you as, in a sense, representing Asia. I feel myself that Asia has been waiting long and is still waiting to find her voice. It was not always so. There was a time when Asia saved the world from barbarism; then came the night, I do not know how. And when we were aroused from our stupor by the knocking at our gate we were not prepared to receive Europe, who came to us in pride of strength and intellect. That is why Europe overcame Asia. We did Europe injustice when we did not meet her on equal terms.

The result was the relation of superior to inferior — of insult on the one side and humiliation on the other. We have been accepting things like beggars. We have been imagining that we have nothing of our own. We are still suffering from want of confidence in ourselves. We are not aware of our treasures. The West came not for us to give it our best, but to exploit us for the sake of material gain. It came into our homes robbing us of our possessions.

We must rise from our stupor and prove that we are not beggars. That is our responsibility. Search in your own homes for things that are of undying worth. Then you will be saved and will be able to save all humanity. The West is becoming demoralized through being the exploiter, through exploitation. We want to find our own birthright. Some of the East think that we should copy and imitate the West. I do not believe it. What the West has produced is for the West, being native to it. But we of the East cannot borrow the Western mind or the Western temperament.

We must fight with our faith in the moral and spiritual power of man. We of the East have never reverenced generals or lie-dealing diplomats, but spiritual leaders. Through them we shall be saved or not at all. Physical power is not the strongest in the end. Power crushes itself. Machine-guns and airplanes crush living men under them and the West is sinking to its dust. We are not going to follow the West in competition, in brutality, in selfishness.

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A TEMPLE IN JAVA

THE Dutch Government has undertaken the restoration and preservation of the ancient Buddhist temple of Boro-Budur in Java. The temple is supposed to have been erected in the eighth or ninth century A.D., when Buddhist kings ruled in Java. It appears to have been used, however, for only about two centuries, and the process of decay must have begun sometime in the tenth, when Mohammedan rule was established in the island. In the sixteenth century there was no interest in monuments of the

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past, and Boro-Budur was allowed to decay. By 1710 even the natives of the island had forgotten about it, and it lay neglected until 1814, when English officials, during their brief occupation, caused architectural plans to be made. In 1907 the Dutch Government ordered a complete photographic survey, and the recent work of restoration has been in charge of Colonel Th. van Erp of the Engineering Corps.

Boro-Budur is built on a hillside, in a tier of four terraces, each bordered by balustrades which, like the inner walls, are decorated with some thirteen hundred panels in high relief illustrating texts of the Buddhist sacred books. Many of the stones have fallen out, and some have been destroyed, though during the excavation of the surrounding land it was found that many of the lost stones were lying buried near by. Seven months were occupied in sorting the thousands of sculptured pieces, most of which have been fitted back into their original positions. Happily, however, there has been no effort to replace lost sculptures with modern imitations.

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BERNARD SHAW ON HIMSELF

BERNARD SHAW is his own King Charles's head. He finds it quite impossible to keep himself out of his speeches, but as he is always most amusing when talking about himself his hearers rarely object. His latest ebullition was at a meeting of the Independent Labor Party at Norwich.

'I am an old Communist,' said Mr. Shaw, 'but I am perfectly respectable, legally married, and my wife is respectable. I am a perfectly respectable landlord and a capitalist, and can speak feelingly about the condition of the landlord and the capitalist. I am of a quiet and simple life, a vegetarian, a teetotaler, and non-smoker. My wants are very few. A nice little flat in the West End of London, a pleasant country-house not too far from London, a couple of motor-cars, three or four thousand pounds pocket money, and there is no more contented man in England than Bernard Shaw. Multimillionaires describe me as a poor devil, but I get on very comfortably. This is the simple, plain position I should like to see every man and woman in this country occupy.'

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LATIN AS A MODERN WORLD LANGUAGE

CARDINAL BOURNE, Archbishop of Westminster, speaking at the annual dinner of the Newman Society at Oxford, described his experience during his journey to the East, in 1919, as illustrating the extent to which Latin is still used as an international language. He was toasted in Latin at Trieste, and found Latin still the polite language of Croatia on account of the difficulty that had arisen between Yugoslavia and Italy. The University of Louvain, like some other Catholic establishments, still carries on its teaching in Latin, and he reminded his hearers of recent suggestions that Latin shall be made an international language for the European police.

His Eminence admitted that there would probably be difficulties over the various national pronunciations, but suggested that the British would have to give up their peculiar pronunciation in favor of that more generally used among the Southern races.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Love Letters of Great Men and Women, by C. H. Charles. London: Stanley Paul, 1924. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[London *Bookman*]

It may be an open question whether these letters are too intimate for general perusal, but once that difficulty is disposed of we realize what a wonderful treasure-trove is spread before us. Covering the ground from the eighteenth century to the present day, we have about one hundred and fifty authentic love letters which Mr. Charles has collected, translated, and arranged in groups of countries, periods, régimes, and so forth, adding an interesting preface on 'The Lost Art of Letter-Writing' and 'The Ideal Love Letter.' Naturally their great interest to us lies in the self-revelation of the writers, the inspiration gained from the recipients, and the vastly entertaining glimpses they give of surroundings and contemporaries which but for this mode of preservation would otherwise be lost.

Mr. Charles has practically defied any limitations as to variety: poets, philosophers, musicians, statesmen, kings, queens, soldiers, men of letters and so forth, are all included, and it is interesting to compare the infinite variety of style in which these men and women, all great or celebrated in their way, express themselves. Take for instance the fiery poet, Ugo Foscolo, one of the greatest Italian writers and thinkers; the lengthy outpourings of the Brownings, in which their love for each other is so great that it can only be accepted by degrees: —

'The regard and esteem you now give me, in this letter, and which I press to my heart and bow my head upon, is all I can take and all too embarrassing, using all my gratitude.'

Burns, who was so notorious in his love affairs and always discovering fresh divinities, greatly surprises us by writing love letters that sound like those of a sedate professor: —

'People may talk of flames and raptures as long as they please — and a warm fancy with a flow of youthful spirits may make them feel something like what they describe; but sure I am the nobler faculties of the mind, with kindred feelings of the heart, can only be the foundations of friendship, and it has always been my opinion that the married life was only friendship in a more exalted degree.'

Mr. Charles is of opinion that the art of writing a love letter is now a lost one, and he would like it to be taught in all the schools; it may be that a new note has crept in for which the bustle and scurry of modern life to a certain extent accounts, but we are not inclined to think of it as lost; rather that it is hidden from its own generation. Many excellent photographs add greatly to the value of this book.

Elizabethans, by A. H. Bullen. London: Chapman and Hall, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Life and Letters*]

The late A. H. Bullen, who rediscovered Campion, lived long enough, and had good sense enough, to protest against excessive adulation of the exquisite small poet he had restored to the world of readers. We may feel sure that he would have protested against some of the things said in praise of his volume of posthumously collected essays and lectures, *Elizabethans.* Bullen was a great scholar, and since he had a vivifying mind the Elizabethan age was more real to him than it has been to any modern man except Swinburne. As Munro, the translator of Lucretius, used unconsciously to lower his voice when he spoke of the scandals of ancient Rome, so Bullen would have gossiped about young Marlowe's death and Greene's unprofitable life with as keen a sense of discussing neighbors. But Bullen was not the kind of critic who can communicate precisely his own emotion and view of an author to readers. He knew the best instantly when he discovered it, he edited it admirably, but his commentary was no more than a series of hearty exclamations. He put the right things before readers in the right forms, recommended them vigorously, and leaned back, flushed with honest satisfaction. He did not illuminate them as Lamb, Swinburne, Mr. Arthur Symons, and other fine critics have done.

We are very glad to have this posthumous volume of his, every page of it eloquent of his knowledge. But to our appreciation of his greater subjects, Drayton and Daniel and Chapman, he really adds nothing much. Where he does score is in such a resurrection of odd, quotable, but as a whole unlikely to be read, matter as William Bullein's dialogue. That Bullein — the name has many spellings, including the historically familiar Boleyn — was his ancestor, and must have been almost as pleasant and exuberant a person.

The Heavenly Ladder, by Compton Mackenzie. London: Cassell and Co. 1924.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

In a postscript Mr. Mackenzie asks to be acquitted of propagandist intention: our suggestion, then, is that this third part of his trilogy consists of longhand notes for a novel he is some day

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to write. The material is here, strangely and continuously lacking that quickening which can give artistic significance to any theme, however unpromising. And this is not by any means unpromising: most of us have the will to be interested in the life of the English Church, while for a minority that life is a matter of passionate concern. Perhaps Mr. Mackenzie is consciously addressing the minority and, himself expert, becomes impatient of the expectations of the general reader.

We found it unfortunate that the hammer-and-tongs argument with an agnostic conscientious objector, in which the position of the Anglican Catholic priest is lucidly stated, should come so late in the book. Mark Lidderdale, if we are not to rely too much on recollections of the earlier parts of the trilogy, requires, for the sufferance of the open-minded reader, more explanation than we get early in the book. He writes to a friend, 'I find that the Cathedral of Tréguier has several bones of Saint Tugdual, our patron saint. Do try on your next trip to Brittany to procure for me the smallest fragment of a bone. . . . You might be able to secure a knuckle.' Relics; images; incense; Latin for the private devotions of the priest in the communion service; the repetition of the Litany of Loretto and of the Litany of the Sacred Heart; the Benediction; the Real Presence — the trouble is not that some of these may seem absurd to some readers, but that Mr. Mackenzie is continually allowing us to ask, 'Does it matter?' And a novelist should make it matter. The sketches of Cornish childhood are, however, charming; the opposition of a primitive peasantry to Lidderdale's practices is grim, and the obscene village scandal about the priest and a languishing spinster and about a seduced maid-servant whom he protects is probably not overdone. But one has to remember hard, for mark that strong belief does not make for tactfulness; his end, satisfactorily perhaps, is Rome.

Bernard Shaw, by Edward Shanks. ('Writers of To-Day' Series.) London: Nisbet, 1924. *2s.*

['Librarian' in the *Saturday Review*]

I AM not in favor of such enterprises as a series of 'Writers of To-Day': books about them had better be left till to-morrow — or the day after. But when one of them is written by a critic widely known and advertised, Mr. Edward Shanks, and the subject is 'Bernard Shaw,' I feel constrained to read it. Mr. Shanks gives us a quite personal view of Mr. Shaw's career, and the account of the way in which he forced his way into public attention is well done. Perhaps Mr. Shanks does not adequately recognize the extent to which G. B. S. has assisted in moulding the tastes of the present generation. When he began to write on music as 'Corno di Bassetto' in the *Star*, Promenade Concerts relied on cornet solos and British Army quadrilles. He was the first newspaper critic to write about music as if it were of interest to the ordinary man in the street, and the galleries of Wagner Concerts and Operas were filled by his readers. When he became the dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, his influence was as great, though exerted on a different public.

The Rector's Daughter, by F. M. Mayor. London: Hogarth Press, 1924. *7s. 6d.*

[Ralph Wright in the *New Statesman*]

MISS MAYOR, the author of *The Rector's Daughter*, is an entirely new author to me, and rather a fascinating discovery. She too deals for the most part with country life, but on a higher social level, that level that extends from the country to the rectory and just a little lower. It is a life that she clearly knows as intimately as Mr. Powys knows his lower orders, and when she describes it she is on sure ground. Nothing could be better than her quiet opening pages, with their description of the gentlemanly and scholarly old rector who 'was melted by beauty, giving it moral qualities which did not belong to it'; who said of Pascal that 'he had a great mind, and I think, much as one respects the brilliance and lucidity of the French, one may say it was an English mind'; and who felt that 'the French pronunciation of French was what was to be expected of them,' so much so that 'if any English person, particularly any English *man* tried to pronounce French correctly, Canon Jocelyn would say afterward: "There is a little affectation about him, I cannot tell precisely what it is."'

Canon Jocelyn is beautifully done, and so is his daughter with her longing for love, her real goodness, and her incapability to be otherwise than her gentlemanly upbringing had made her Where the book fails curiously is when it wanders from this field. We are shown glimpses of 'Bohemian Life' in London and fast life on the Riviera which are on a far lower level. Miss Mayor's powers of quiet and gently humorous description fail her here. Nevertheless, this book too is far out of the ordinary. Its writing is often delightful, and its main story is genuinely moving and without trickery.

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